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C O R R E S P O N D E N C E .

WHAT a contrast is shown in our biographical articles this week! And yet we hope that all were doing good in their generation. Poor Lancaster, in his excitable zeal for others, he neglected that indispensable preliminary to great usefulness—a sufficient provision for the necessities of the day to secure to him what Burns calls

“the glorious privilege
Of being *independent.*”

For this purpose it is not much that is needed—but it is necessary to keep out of *debt*. This is urged by St. Paul, and is therefore a christian duty; and so far as we can judge, Mr. Lancaster fell into it from his desire to minister to others. But even such an impulse should not be unrestrained—and we recur to Burns again:

“Prudent, cautious self-control
Is Wisdom’s root.”

Our last number contained as great a contrast between Bunyan and Dalton.

The “English Gentleman” is respectfully submitted to our politicians—no! they are hopeless!—to young men who aspire to statesmanship—as containing an important lesson.

The Tory Fraser gives in its adhesion, cautiously enough, to the great change which is making in British policy.

We have received files of the Polynesian and of the Liberia Herald. The latter contains matter from the Living Age, and we hope we may be able to get some good notices of matters showing the state and progress of that colony. At present, we have not had time to look over either file, and make use of a summary on the Sandwich Islands, from that well informed, judicious, gentlemanly paper, the National Intelligencer.

Chocolate, Prussian Acid, and French Cookery have accidentally come together in our pages.

It will be seen that our searchers for Captain

Kidd’s treasure, are kept in countenance by similar companies in England.

It is rumored that the British minister, “near” the President, is authorized to make a treaty to favor a great increase of trade between England and her “daughter.” Such a negotiation will have the best wishes of the friends of human kind.

The possible discoveries of Lord Rosse’s great Telescope, we suffer our hopes to dwell upon with great pleasure. To see more and more of the works of the Great Architect, is one of the highest delights even of the present life, during which we see “through a glass darkly.”

Spectator, 22 Feb.
OUR STEAM NAVY.

GOVERNMENT are beginning to find out that steam-navigation has destroyed the insular character of Britain. Troops can be transported in steam-vessels with greater despatch, cheapness, and certainty, than even by a railway. The destruction of a railway at any one point would put a stop to all operations based on its integrity; but the loss of one or two steamers would not materially affect the operations of a squadron. The sea is Nature’s railway, and cannot be broken up and interrupted like the artificial substitutes of man’s invention. Steam has bridged the waters with flying bridges, movable to any point, resting on every port—flying pontoons, by which Inverness may be threatened one day and Hull the next. Steam has conquered storms and tides, and given naval operations a certainty they did not formerly possess. With every improvement in steam-navigation the coasts of Great Britain will become more accessible to attack from every maritime power between the Cattegat and Cape Finisterre.

The same cause is changing the requirements of our navy. Instead of brave and experienced seamen, equally brave mechanical engineers and marine artillerymen are needed. The issue of the next naval war will depend upon the steam-engine and Paixhans gun: the men to decide it will not be those who can “hand, reef, and steer”

best, but those who can best work an engine and fire an eighty-four pounder with the precision of a rifle. This new triumph of mind over matter will change modern warfare, as much as the invention of gunpowder did the ancient. Sea-fights will become short, sharp, and decisive—their results capable of being mathematically demonstrated beforehand. Less blood will be shed on the whole; but what is shed will be condensed into an epitome of agony.

The right of search treaties keep war always hanging by a hair over our heads. If the French or the English war party were to gain the ascendant, (and we dread the fanatics of Exeter Hall more than the Prince De Joinville and La Jeune France,) peace would not be worth a week's purchase. Let two hot-headed French and English naval officers on the coast of Africa quarrel about a suspected slaver and settle the dispute by an exchange of shots, and away would go all security for peace. Who would in that case continue to live at Brighton or Hastings, now that Britain is almost more exposed to invasion and predatory attacks than any continental state? What a change the first shot fired between England and France would make in the value of property on our southern and eastern coasts!

Government are now awaking to the urgent necessity for adopting new provisions of defence against a new mode of attack: a subject brought before the public by a correspondent of this journal three years ago. Government have been trifling with the subject in dilettante fashion ever since. Nearly three millions of the public money has been spent during the last three years in building, equipping, and hiring steam-vessels; and yet, we are well assured, there is not at this moment one steam-vessel in the naval service of England, in commission or ready to be commissioned, that could make the passage under steam between Plymouth and New York. During the last ten years, not less than five or six millions has been spent in filling the navy with steam-vessels, and yet there is no instance on record of one of her Majesty's steam-vessels crossing the Atlantic under steam. There is not in commission a steamer capable of steaming three thousand nautical miles. The Admiralty have steamers in China and America, but they did not get there by steam. The Royal Navy could not produce one steamer fit to carry Sir Charles Bagot, or Lord Ashburton, or Sir Charles Metcalfe, to his destination.

The admiralty orators in Parliament tell us that such or such a vessel has more power than the largest French steamer. This is not to the purpose: let them tell us what the vessel can do; let them give facts of distances run under steam, and the time in which the runs were made. Without this, returns of the horse-power of the steam navy are only calculated to mislead. The capabilities of the admiralty steamers are never tested in a fair practical way. Nothing is heard beyond the puffing of the performances of one or other of them on her trial at Long Reach. The Lucifer or the Pluto is reported to steam so many miles per hour on the river Thames, and no more is heard of her. Had the trial-trip been a run to Halifax in the winter, a very different class of steamers would now be wearing her Majesty's pendant.

Two causes, combined with the dilettante spirit at head-quarters, have mainly contributed to render ineffectual the great expense incurred of late years for the creation of a steam navy. The first is,

the system adopted by the Admiralty of dividing the responsibility between the builder of the vessel and the engineer. The second is, the system of contracting for the conveyance of the mails to America and to the East and West Indies.

By dividing the responsibility between the builder and engineer, no one official person was made answerable for the result. If the vessel disappointed expectation, the builder threw the blame on the engines, and the engineer on the hull. The contractor for a steamer ought to be responsible for the hull, engines, and the whole equipment. The hull and the engine of a steamer are its body and soul: unless they harmonize, there can be no efficiency. The system pursued by the Admiralty has precluded unity of design; and the result has been, the creation of a class of steamers combining the qualities of a bad sailing-ship and a useless steam-vessel. A new system is required: the head of the steam department of the Admiralty ought to be responsible for the efficiency of a new steamer in every way, as the surveyor of the navy is for the construction of his ships.

The system of contracts with private companies or individuals for the conveyance of the mails has done a great deal to suppress competition and prevent improvement in steam-navigation. By such contracts, government tie themselves to the preferred party for terms of years. During these periods, they are precluded from availing themselves of better vessels belonging to other parties. They make it the interest of the contractors not to construct vessels on an improved model, lest they should injure the character of their old ones. As long as £500,000 per annum is paid to contractors for perpetuating the present model of steamers, they will make no improvements. A curious illustration of this has just occurred. Iron is generally superseding wood in the construction of steam-vessels: last year, twenty-four iron steamers were built in the Clyde, and only one of wood: the solitary wooden vessel was for a company who knew that by building an iron one they would lower the estimation of their wooden fleet.

Two examples of the practical consequences of the way in which the Admiralty has gone to work may be cited. About twenty years ago, a description of engine called the "direct action engine" was invented: it has been condemned, and at present no private individual would take the gift of one, unless he were guaranteed from all competition: yet what are called our first-class steam-frigates are fitted with engines of this description. Again: screw-propelling is yet in its infancy; no vessel propelled by a screw has yet crossed the Atlantic; the screw is not employed by a single passenger-vessel in the kingdom: the Admiralty have built and equipped a vessel for the express purpose of trying experiments on screw-propulsion; and, after trying it several times on the Thames, and once between the Thames and Portsmouth, they have actually begun to construct ten large steam-vessels propelled by the screw. The performances of the Rattler have doubtless been satisfactory as far as she has been tried; but are such fresh-water and fair-weather experiments as she has been subjected to, sufficient to warrant the great expense of building ten ships on the strength of them?

More information on these matters is evidently wanted. We have said enough to show the national importance of the subject.

From Fraser's Magazine.

A PASSAGE IN THE LIVES OF RUBENS AND
REMBRANDT.

On the evening of All Saints' Day, in the year 16—a little party of travellers were wending their weary way along the rugged highroad that leads from Liege through Juliers to the old city of Cologne. Of all nights of the year the superstitious feelings of the Flemish and the Walloons surround that of the 1st of November with the greatest terrors. What the Walpurgisnacht is to the Germans, this horrible night is to the natives of Flanders, Brabant, and the banks of the Moselle. The "hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels," which the warlocks and witches were dancing in old Alloway Kirk before jolly Tam O'Shanter, were as child's play when compared with the supernatural and eldritch performances on All Saints' night in the regions mentioned. The dead at midnight arise from their rank sepulchres, and, shrouded in their reeking grave-clothes, haunt the abodes of those whom, while living, they had injured, in the hope of obtaining from their lips a prayer for their future repose. Then the sorcerer is allowed most powerfully to use his abominable arts, and the witch her foulest incantations. Then, for the space of twelve hours, the angel Gabriel raises his foot, beneath which lies groaning the captive demon, who, rising with his accursed malice, straightway proceeds to scatter his deadly temptations among the weak sons of men. Then the air teems with hostile spirits, and the earth engenders all that is vile and filthy.

Not a creature was to be seen moving along the road to break the dreadful solitude surrounding the small party of travellers, which consisted of a man and his youthful wife, a little boy, and a girl so young that the father was obliged to carry her in his arms. The snow lay thick on the ground and was falling fast, so that it was with difficulty that they kept along their path.

"Margarita," at length said the husband, with feeble tones, and in Italian, "it is impossible to proceed farther, thy slender frame is exhausted. Cover thyself and the little girl with my cloak, and lie down in this sheltered hollow. I will endeavor to keep animation in our Antonio's limbs."

The wife followed her husband's directions, and the party for some time lay down in silence and sadness. But the snow fell more thickly, the wind blew more sharply, and the cold became more and more intense. The husband arose and found his wife speechless, thoroughly benumbed, and heavy with sleep. Her death was certain, unless she could be aroused. He shook her and called her by every endearing name, but in vain. He raised her in his arms and tried to make her walk; but she reeled and fell down, and in her fall her infant daughter escaped from her arms, and received a wound on its forehead. He picked up the crying child and tried to stanch the blood.

"Antonio," said the unhappy man, in a tone of despair, "creep close to thy mother's side, and place over her this additional covering, while I carry thy sister with me and look about for assistance."

He doffed his coat and placed it, with the cloak, over his half-dead wife and his son. Presently the sound of a distant clock came slowly echoing through the lazy and infected air. The husband for a moment listened; he knew the sound was wafted from the church-towers of Cologne, which

could not be far distant, and he darted forward, bearing his wounded infant in his arms.

He ran unceasingly, and reached the city gate, round which were lounging a number of Spanish soldiers, and rushing up to a small group, he eagerly asked the way to the house of Master Rembrandt. His request was couched in bad Flemish intermixed with Italian. This unintelligible jargon, added to his half-naked appearance and anxious looks, produced loud laughter from the soldiery, who bantered him in no measured terms. They had never heard of such an individual.

"Master Rembrandt!" cried one; "he lives just by—at the other end of the town. Take every turning you come to, and you are sure to be right."

"Master Rembrandt!" said a second. "Go straight ahead and follow your nose, and you cannot fail to get to the old curmudgeon's house."

"Master Rembrandt!" exclaimed a third. "Turn to the right, and after that to the left, and then go right forward round the corner and across the churchyard, and you will see a large house without door or windows; you must then drop down the chimney, and you will be sure to see your friend seated at his fire."

All this was followed by a round of laughter.

"For mercy's sake!" faltered forth the poor distracted traveller, "show me the way to the house of my dying wife's uncle, Master Rembrandt."

Just at that moment up came a little, short, humpbacked individual, a tailor by trade, who held a lantern in his hand. The police regulations of Cologne directed that every inhabitant should carry a lantern after nightfall. The little man was an Italian himself, and had, from his broken accents, recognized a countryman in the stranger. The tailor's heart melted at the sight of the wretched father with the tender infant in his arms.

"Come along," said Master Nicholas Borrue, the humpback, "I'll show you the way to Master Rembrandt's, though he will never at this late hour open his door to any human being, especially on the night of All Saints. However, we'll try; so come along, friend."

"But my wife and my poor boy, what will become of them? They lie without the city, and are dying. If I lose much more time it will be too late," exclaimed the agonized stranger.

"Verily, friend," answered the humpback, "if thou expectest aught of relief from the charity of Master Rembrandt, thou laborest under a woeful error, and their loss is but too certain. He would not give a doit to save his own brother from the jaws of death. It were, believe me, much better to entreat some of the soldiers to go with us to thy wife and child and assist us to conduct them into the city. They can be carried to my lodging; though the room is but small, and though I am myself poor, still, with the blessing of God, they shall not, on this cold and comfortless night, stand in need of assistance!"

The stranger readily assented, and the little tailor forthwith accosted some of the soldiers, and in a sorry Flemish *patois* explained to them his companion's miserable condition. A kind-hearted drummer caught the child from the stranger's arms and took it into the guard-house before a rousing fire, while four soldiers, with their sergeant's permission, lighted torches, and accompanied the husband and the tailor through the city gate. It was with difficulty that the party could

keep pace with the eager stranger, who ran along shouting the names of Margarita and Antonio. But the snow was falling more thickly than ever, and the wind had arisen into much louder gusts. It was impossible that the sufferers could hear his calls. A sudden lull of the tempest, however, enabled them to hear a feeble cry, and then they discovered the ravine where the wife and boy were lying almost buried under a drift of snow. Had they tarried a few moments longer they would certainly have been too late. The tailor entreated the soldiers to bear along tenderly the speechless wife, while he took young Antonio under his own protection; and as they entered the city he desired the party to proceed to the narrow street which contained his abode. The soldiers the more readily complied since the distance was not very far from the guard-house. As they were going along, Nicholas Borruelo, by dint of hard questioning, discovered that the stranger's name was Francesco Netcelli; that he was a native of Venice; that he had made a runaway marriage with the daughter of Rembrandt's sister, who had, contrary to the wishes of her family, chosen a poor Italian gentleman; and that he himself was by profession a painter. This was at a period when a successful painter easily commanded, like a potentate, the ready homage of mankind, and painting, consequently, had many more enthusiastic, self-denying votaries than she reckons in the present dull, prosaic, and degenerate days.

The tailor introduced the poor travellers and two children into his room, and, after having the wife and infant daughter laid upon his bed, he dismissed the soldiers with many thanks, and, blowing up the fire, placed seats for Netcelli and his boy Antonio. Netcelli sank into his seat, and gazed motionless and unmeaningly at the fire, like one in a trance. The boy appeared also in a stupor. Nicholas Borruelo bustled about, now trying to arouse the husband, now divesting the wife of her wet garments and covering her with the warmest clothing his poor lodging could afford, having previously warmed it before his fire. The former was stupefied and dead to his calls and entreaties; the latter was so benumbed that she was motionless and rigid as marble. It might be the cold which had operated upon the young man's limbs, it might be despair at his desolate position which was wringing his heart and had made him speechless. Nicholas Borruelo rummaged in a cupboard, and drew forth from its extremity an old-fashioned bottle, carefully corked up, containing some rare and exquisite brandy. This was carefully kept as a *bonne bouche* for himself, but his generous heart made him lay aside all thoughts of his own comfort, although an audible sigh escaped him as he poured some of the precious liquor upon a piece of rag, with which he carefully rubbed the lips, face and hands, of the senseless lady. For a long time he labored in vain; but, at length, she gradually opened her eyes, and, stretching forth her arms, in a faint voice demanded her children.

"Here they are, signora," exclaimed little humpbacked Borruelo; "here they are, all warm and comfortable."

Then, going up to Netcelli, he slapped him on the back, and told him to be a man. But seeing him still gazing vacantly, like one demented, he seized his bottle with the precious contents, poured out a glass, and desired him to drink it off, for that it would create new life under the very ribs of death. Still the young man did not move.

Upon which the tailor, somewhat losing patience, put the glass to his lips, and, with a slight struggle, fairly forced the contents down his throat. The liquor operated like magic. In a very short time Francesco opened his eyes, looked around him, then recognized his wife and children, and burst into a flood of tears.

"We are saved, dearest Margarita! we are saved!" at length exclaimed Francesco.

But Margarita looked first at the wounded infant, and then at the stupefied Antonio. Francesco comprehended her meaning, and groaned with a look of despair.

"Messire Netcelli," said the humpback, "I am shocked at your ingratitude. Place your trust in the blessed Virgin and the holy saints. Your wife has been restored to you, why should not your children be also saved? Arise and assist me to restore animation."

Netcelli arose with difficulty, and assisted the good tailor in his efforts. The children opened their eyes and smiled upon their mother.

"Now, then," said the Italian painter, "now is the time to go and demand aid at the hands of my uncle Rembrandt. I will tell him of our misfortunes and our miserable plight, and he cannot refuse us."

The tailor shrugged up his shoulders, and with a sneer replied—

"You may as well demand aid and consolation from a door-post; but, since you are bent upon going, I will accompany you to the quarter of the Jews, where the old gentleman resides. He is not only a painter, but an usurer, and Heaven have mercy upon his victims. May you be successful in your appeal, though I much doubt it."

The humpback lighted his lantern, and was about to take his cloak from the bed; but, on second thoughts, he left it as a covering for the sick mother. He then beckoned to the stranger, and led the way to Rembrandt's abode, which was situated at the other extremity of the city.

The snow had ceased, and the howling wind was scattering the clouds in wild confusion, while the struggling moon was by fits casting around an unearthly light. The streets and the houses were covered with snow; not a soul met them on their way; all was dead silence and solitude. It seemed a fit season for the carnival of evil spirits who are permitted to hold uncured dominion on the night of All Saints. So thought Nicholas Borruelo, as every now and then he looked anxiously around and behind him, as though he expected to see a troop of ghosts and goblins in the full enjoyment of their unholy sabbath. He hurried his companion along, and at last reached the quarter of the Jews, a district under the ban of all good Christian souls, and rendered yet more detestable by its being shut in on one side by an extensive and abandoned burying-ground. Borruelo pointed out to Netcelli a large white house, flanked on each side by a small tower. It stood within a large space of ground, surrounded by a high wall; its windows overlooked the cemetery. Altogether, the house had a gloomy, desolate, and abandoned appearance. The Italian painter approached a low, narrow door, which was, for security, thickly covered with iron plates, and rang the bell. The sound was instantly answered by the fierce barking of several dogs.

He paused, waited, listened attentively; but no footsteps were heard. He sounded the bell again and again, but to as little purpose, while the fury

of the dogs was increased to a tenfold degree. Again he sounded, when suddenly the dogs ceased their barking. The tailor and his companion heard many a bolt and bar withdrawn, and an inner door opened, and the dull echo of a heavy footstep descending some steps into the court-yard. This was followed by the sound of an old man's dry, hollow cough. They waited for the opening of the outer gate until their patience was exhausted, and then Netcelli gave another pull at the bell, which rang as if it would split. They then learned why it was that the footsteps were heard in the court-yard, for in an instant the loosened dogs bounded in savage fury against the door. They were convinced of the obstinate determination of the inmates of the house—that they would not allow admittance to any one at that late hour of night.

"I knew how it would be," murmured the little tailor; "the old miser takes us for robbers or murderers, and is determined not to open. It is better to return to the fire in my little room than to be standing before this miserable house, and by that frightful churchyard. This night is the festival of the dead, and every moment I expect to see some of them rise up in their fearful winding-sheets. Oh, Messire Netcelli! if you did but know what dreadful tales people tell of the diabolical goings on in that dismal churchyard. The spectres and imps of darkness sometimes proceed from the graves and charnel-house to old Rembrandt's mansion, and there they enjoy themselves in a rare jubilee. The mansion stood empty for twenty long years; no one was bold enough to buy it; everybody feared visits from the dead bodies in the burying-ground. But old Rembrandt was not to be frightened; he bought the house dirt cheap, for a mere old song; for, to save a hundred florins, he would take up his abode at the very gates of the infernal regions. He need not be afraid of robbers, for, besides those dogs, they say he has made a bargain with an unearthly imp, who every night keeps guard by squatting upon his money-chest. Let us along—let us along, and all the saints grant that we may reach home in a whole skin, and without meeting any spectres or witches!"

He seized the young painter by the arm, and almost dragged him along, for the noise of the crisp snow under their feet, and the low, plaintive murmur of the wind, which was again rising, made him fancy that he heard the lamentation of some restless and despairing unsubstantial being. Dispirited, and with his heart aching with deep grief, and a thousand torturing anxieties, the young man allowed himself to be led along with silent submission. By the time he reached the tailor's abode, he was, moreover, thoroughly overcome with fatigue, while he was fearful to enter, because of apprehension of new calamity. He staggered against the door faint and irresolute, and paused for a moment to gain sufficient strength to enter.

"Mother, mother," said the little Antonio, from within, "open your eyes and speak to me, for I am very cold and very hungry!"

But the poor mother answered not.

Netcelli rushed desperately into the room; it was perfectly dark. He stumbled against a chair and table which had been overturned; the window had been burst in by the violence of the wind, which must have blown in fierce gusts through the broken casement. He felt about until he

came to the bedside, and, stretching forward his hands, they encountered the cold and stiff body of his infant child, around which were twined in fond endearment the arms of its mother. Nicholas Borruelo followed slowly, in silence and secret consternation. He marched to the corner of the room where should have stood his cupboard, and where he sought his tinderbox. But the wind had overturned his cupboard, the floor was thickly strewn with fragments of broken plates and kitchen utensils, and the tinderbox could nowhere be found. He was afraid of passing the remainder of the night in the cold and in darkness, and he called on Netcelli for assistance. But no answer was returned. A cry of anguish would have been more consoling than that appalling silence; the tailor got frightened, and, rushing into the street, ran towards the guard-house. All the soldiers knew him for a kind-hearted little fellow; they invited him in, and made room for him before the fire. He warmed himself, and expressed his worst fears; and the sergeant ordered two soldiers to accompany him to his lodgings, with lanterns and a bottle of wine. In his hurry he had left the door open; on his arrival he found it closed. He hammered at the door, but in vain; not a sound was heard in reply. The soldiers were just about breaking open the door, when Borruelo bethought him that the key was in his pocket. He opened and entered, and their eyes rested on a dreadful sight. The mother and youngest child were lying dead upon the bed, on one corner of which, also, the husband was seated, deadly pale, with haggard countenance, protruding eyes, and an idiotic laugh, and the boy Antonio was struggling in violent convulsions.

"Gracious heavens!" exclaimed the tailor, "what dreadful crimes have I committed to be surrounded by such misery! Here lie two human beings quite dead, another is in the last agony of death, while the fourth is sunk in irretrievable idiocy. The holy Virgin and the saints protect me on this fearful night!"

With this he fell into a chair, covered his face with his two hands, and for some moments gave way to silent and deep grief.

Meanwhile the soldiers had lighted a blazing fire of wood, and with some boards stopped up the broken window. They also moved the dead bodies from the apartment into an adjoining room, which was the tailor's workshop. Borruelo caught up the boy, and held him before the fire, while he tended him with the utmost care. The boy revived, and, perceiving that the soldiers were about to lead away his idiot father, he broke from Borruelo's arms, and rushed up to them, entreating that he might accompany his father.

"Nay," said Nicholas Borruelo, "take him not away; since I have the keeping of the dead, I will not lose sight of the living. The boy is out of danger, and the poor idiot is harmless, and will not injure me; so even let him stay here. In the morning two of your comrades will, perhaps, look in to see that all is safe, and after that I will go to old Rembrandt's house, explain all circumstances, when, miser and obdurate as he is, he cannot refuse to bury his dead relatives, support the young boy, and, perhaps, obtain, through the city authorities, admission for his poor nephew into the public lunatic asylum."

He bade the soldiers good night, who would not depart until they had made the little man swallow a good cup of comfortable wine. When they

were gone he threw some more wood on the fire, seated the idiot by the fireside, lifted the boy upon the bed, well wrapped him up in his cloak, took down a branch of holy box-wood and a small crucifix, and laid them on the two dead bodies, and then placed himself by the fire, and, pulling out his beads, told them over and over, repeating a multitude of prayers, until morning had fairly dawned.

The first rays of light that pierced the gloom of the chamber fell upon the figure of Francesco Neteelli. He was seated, but nearly bent double, as he leaned forward towards the fire, with a fixed, soulless, stupid gaze at the flickering flames, while, now and then, he would give an idiotic grin, and chatter incoherently. The little Antonio was sunk in profound sleep upon the bed, where he remained until Borruelo heard the deep tones of the cathedral clock sounding the hour of eight.

"You must get up, *mio caro!*" said the kind-hearted tailor; "the morning is wearing apace, and we have much to do."

"But my father and my mother, where are they?" demanded the boy, as he sat up in his bed.

"Your father sits there," said the tailor; "but he is too ill to speak to you. Your mother is fast asleep; but her last injunctions were that you should go with me to her uncle, Messire Rembrandt; so get up like a good child."

At last he got the child up, and, leading him by the hand, he made the best of his way to the quarter of the Jews. He stood for a moment gazing in evident disgust at the house, then, as if summoning sudden resolution, he pulled the bell violently. The summons was answered by an old woman, very meanly clad—indeed, her dress was in nowise better than what was worn by the commonest servant. But Borruelo instantly knew her for the mistress of the mansion, and he took off his cap, and made her a low reverence.

"What do you want?" said she, abruptly, and in a hoarse voice.

"Our business is with Maître Rembrandt," answered Borruelo; "we would speak to him."

"Indeed!" said the other, sharply. "And pray, my master, what may be your business? You cannot see him now; my husband is busy painting. Return at noon."

"It will be impossible for me to return at noon," answered the tailor, doggedly; "and I opine that Messire Rembrandt will be sorry that he has not spoken with me. I bring him—I wish to restore to him something that belongs to him."

"Is it money?" demanded the wife, with a keen, eager, penetrating look.

"It's something valuable," replied the tailor, with perfect *sang froid*.

The wife held the door half shut, and for a moment or two hesitated. At length, she said,—

"You can come in, but, if I find you have deceived me, your interview, I promise you, will be of the shortest; for you shall not with impunity interrupt Maître Rembrandt in the midst of his precious labors."

She opened wide the door, Borruelo and young Antonio entered the court-yard, and she shut, locked, and bolted again, the gate with the utmost precaution. As they crossed the yard, the tailor observed four great, shaggy, savage mastiffs, which came forth from their respective kennels to have a look at the strangers, and he blessed him-

self that he had escaped their jaws on the previous evening. They then ascended a lofty flight of stone steps, entered the vestibule, traversed one or two apartments, spacious, though dreary, and wholly devoid of furniture, and were at length ushered into a large room, lighted by a single window of small dimensions, worked through the wall just under the ceiling. The sudden transition from light to darkness prevented the tailor and his companion for a few minutes from seeing any object distinctly. At length they perceived, in the corner opposite to the window, a man past the meridian of life, with his head wrapped round with a piece of linen which had once been white, a long-neglected beard, a brow and face deeply furrowed either by old age or care, and eyes greenish, piercing, and restless, like those of some wild animal. He was standing, silent and wrapt in thought, before a picture, which rested on an easel, and which, every now and then, he touched with his brush, and at each touch produced a marvellous effect. His brush, indeed, seemed to possess all the miraculous potency of a true magician's wand. Before him, and stationed right beneath the rays of day which streamed through the small window, was a man in a winding-sheet, in the attitude of one just awakened from the iron sleep of death, and coming forth into light and life from the darkness and horrors of the sepulchre. The old man continued to work away without casting a look at the strangers, while the old lady quietly seated herself at the chimney-corner, first stirring up the savory contents of a large copper pot which was hanging over the fire, and then cleaning and preparing a quantity of vegetables with the assiduity of a regular cook.

Nevertheless, Borruelo could not help approaching the glorious performance upon which Rembrandt was at work. The little Antonio followed his example. They were lost in astonishment at the extraordinary creation of the painter's genius. They could not be otherwise; the most insensate heart must have bounded with enthusiasm at the wonderful production, which was no other than the "RESURRECTION OF LAZARUS."

"Holiest Queen of Heaven," at length exclaimed the young Antonio, "how very beautiful!"

At the sound of the youthful and silvery voice immediately behind him, Rembrandt turned suddenly round, and said, in a sharp, half-angry tone,—

"Why dost thou speak of things about which thou canst know nothing?"

"My father is a painter," answered the boy, readily; "and then I have an uncle who is very celebrated as an artist. My father has often told me that he was the pride and ornament of the Flemish school!"

"Ah!" exclaimed Rembrandt, "thou art, then, the nephew of Rubens; for after myself, I know no one deserving of such high eulogium. Tell thy father, boy, that thy uncle Rubens is a very great painter, but not the best that Flanders has produced!"

"My uncle," said the boy, with quickness, "is a finer painter than Rubens, and than even yourself!"

"And who, then, may be this rare phoenix?" demanded Rembrandt, with a disdainful smile.

"His name," answered Antonio, "is Rembrandt!"

"Ha!" exclaimed the painter, "thou the

nephew of Rembrandt!—Thou? Thou art, then, the son of that poverty-stricken Netcelli, whom my infatuated niece espoused contrary to my strict commands! Hence!—away! I will have nothing to do with either thee or thy father, whom I despise!"

The poor boy gave way to a violent and bitter flood of tears.

"Must he, then, needs perish from cold and hunger," asked Borruelo, "like his mother and his little sister, who both died last night?"

"Let him then look to his father!" said the painter, savagely.

"His father!" exclaimed Nicholas; "long-suffering, privations, and misery, have bereft him of reason. He is a madman!"

"My father—my mother—my sister!" cried out Antonio, still weeping bitterly.

Even the hard heart of Rembrandt could not withstand this; a solitary tear was visible on his wrinkled cheek.

"And is what you tell me really true?" demanded he. "What, Jeanne, the only child of my poor sister!"

"And she has only met her deserts!" exclaimed a sharp, piercing voice; and dame Rembrandt, with her arms akimbo, came forward from her seat, where she had been busying herself with her cookery. "If the foolish young hussy had not disobeyed you—if she had listened to your advice, her miserable end had been avoided."

"Messire Rembrandt," said the tailor, calmly turning away from the old woman, "your nephew has lost his reason entirely; your niece and her infant daughter are lying dead; have some pity! Bury the mother and infant; give food to the helpless father, and this no less helpless boy!"

Rembrandt looked hesitatingly towards his wife, but she seized the boy by the arm, and brought him with such force to where the tailor stood, that the little man was pushed back several steps towards the door.

"And is it so?" she screamed out. "Is my husband to take charge of a madman, and a boy so ill brought up that he may prove a curse! Is he to work night and day for miserable creatures not worthy of his bounty? Never, while I live! Hence!—Get out of the house!"

"And is that your determination, Messire Rembrandt?" firmly demanded the indignant Borruelo.

Rembrandt proceeded with his painting, as if he did not hear the question.

"Come, then, Antonio," exclaimed the tailor, taking him up in his arms, "since God has cast thee in my path, thou shalt never want a friend while I can work! Hence!—away from this accursed house, which is full of gold, but where even a morsel of bread has been denied to thee and thy famishing father! Out upon this family, without a heart and without pity!"

The tailor with his charge left the rich Rembrandt's house, his heart bursting with anger and deep indignation.

As they were proceeding along the streets towards Borruelo's abode, a party of horsemen in rich attire passed so rapidly, that Borruelo escaped with difficulty, while little Antonio's foot slipped, and he fell under the horse of the principal cavalier. He instantly dismounted, raised the boy, kindly inquired if he had received any injury; and, finding that he was unhurt, the horseman slipped a piece of silver into Antonio's hand, again

mounted, and asked Borruelo the way to the abode of Rembrandt the painter.

"It is at the end of the second street on the right-hand side, in the Jews' quarter," answered the tailor. "You, noble lord, are rich, and are sure of meeting with a gracious reception."

"And do not the poor, also, sometimes receive a kind welcome?" demanded the cavalier.

"The poor a kind welcome!" exclaimed the tailor. "In that accursed house there is not even a morsel of bread for the master's own nephew!"

The horseman seemed interested, and Borruelo, in the fulness of his heart, gave the history of the Netcelli family.

His auditor took his purse from his girdle, and counted four pieces of gold into Borruelo's hand.

"Here is a trifle," said he, "for burying the dead, and for the present comfort of the living; and now thy name, friend, and the place of thy abode? Thou art an honor to humanity! I will see thee again this evening, and advise with thee what had best be done with this poor unfortunate boy."

The tailor gave his name and address, not far from the western city gate. The cavalier bade him farewell, and, setting spurs to his horse, galloped after his companions.

On the departure of the tailor and the boy, Rembrandt sought his palette and brushes, with which a huge monkey (supposed to be the painter's familiar spirit) was playing; but his heart was ill at ease and his hand trembled, so that he could not please himself by a single touch. He flung both aside in disgust. His thoughts wandered back to the days of his own impoverished youth when his cares were soothed by the fond affection of his eldest sister, Louise; and he was now abandoning the offspring of another sister, Margaret, to want and dreadful privations. With reluctant hand he drew forth a leathern purse from the pocket of his doublet, and began counting out some money. At this sound his wife arose from her occupation before the fire, and stood over him while he told the pieces.

"Here," said he at length, "take these six crowns to the lodging of Borruelo the tailor, and tell him that I will shortly send more."

Dame Rembrandt did all to prevent his purpose, used every argument against it, and at last abused him for his ill-placed liberality. This led to an altercation, which the painter ended by peremptorily commanding her silence.

"Listen to me, woman!" said he, sternly; "when I selected for my wife a peasant girl—a mere servant—I did so that I might be always obeyed. Do my bidding without another word. I desire that my niece and her child should be decently interred, and that the father and the boy should have wherewithal to purchase food. Hence, and begone!"

Dame Rembrandt knew her husband's humor, and she obeyed in silence. She was preparing to depart, and Rembrandt had once more resumed his labor with greater satisfaction, when a violent pull of the bell announced the approach of strangers. Rembrandt started, and made so false a stroke with his brush, that he uttered a loud oath, which brought his wife running to see what was the matter. The strangers before the gate would not evidently brook delay, for the bell was again rung yet more violently.

The wife ran out to open, though in a great passion, and with a volley of abuse ready upon her

lips; but she was startled into silence when she beheld a dismounted page in costly livery standing at the door, and a number of richly-attired cavaliers on horseback, and in the midst of them a lady, still young and beautiful.

The principal horseman of the group then addressed her:—

“Pray, good woman, inform your master that a stranger, just arrived from Antwerp for the purpose of purchasing some paintings, is desirous of being admitted into his studio.”

They all dismounted and followed her into the house, the page being left behind to take care of the horses. Rembrandt, but little in humor for company, received the party in a surly manner. Nothing could exceed the ease and graceful deportment of the stranger. Heeding little the repulsive bearing of Rembrandt, he took a stool and seated himself before the picture over which Rembrandt had been at work. No one could have looked upon these men without being struck by the difference of their appearance. They differed as light differs from darkness, yet each bore upon him the manifest stamp of genius. The stranger was tall of stature and of symmetrical proportions; and, though of fifty years of age, there was elasticity in his gait, and his manner evinced lightness of heart and much still of the buoyancy of youth. His handsome figure was well set off by magnificence of dress; had he been a prince, he could not have carried more costly attire. His ample brow was shaded by a large hat, surmounted by a broad black feather. His eye was clear and full, and its look penetrating; his mouth well formed and small, with an habitual smile playing around it, and his white and small hand might well have raised the envy of many a beautiful woman. His every action showed that he was noble by birth, and that his daily intercourse through life had been with the highest nobles of the land. The face and appearance of Rembrandt, on the contrary, indicated an anticipated old age—the result either of incessant toil, of aching anxieties and hard struggles with poverty, or of the uncontrollable turbulence of the passions. He was short, stout, bent in the body, heavy of foot, dirty in face and attire, and with a coat for which no Jew clothesman of the district would have given a groat. His long hair, already gray, was gathered up under a piece of dirty linen, and his face was marked by a hundred wrinkles, but the searching glance of his eye manifested the depth of soul that lurked within that miserable-looking body.

While Rembrandt was playing with his hideous favorite, the monkey, the stranger was minutely examining the painting on the easel.

“What magic of color!” he at length exclaimed, in the utmost surprise and admiration: “what freshness! what transparency! The school of Venice has never produced anything to compete with this admirable performance! Master Rembrandt, I must possess this treasure!”

“Impossible!” answered Rembrandt; “this has been executed by the express commands of the princess Clara Eugenia, and the price is a thousand florins!”

“I will,” said the other, “go nearer its value, and give you four thousand florins. My gallery will be dishonored without such an ornament. That is not destined for the palace of the governor of the low countries. Come, Master Rembrandt, the painting is mine. Here, Vandyke, pay Messire Rembrandt four thousand florins!”

“Vandyke!” exclaimed Rembrandt; “and who may you be, to command the services of Vandyke as squire and treasurer?”

“I,” answered the stranger, “am Peter Paul Rubens, and I am come from Antwerp expressly to visit you!”

“Rubens!” exclaimed Rembrandt, eying his mighty rival from head to foot. “Since you are a brother artist, you will excuse me if I continue my labors; for time is precious, and bread very hard to earn!” He heaved a deep hypocritical sigh, and then added, with somewhat of a malicious smile, “I, alas, can never expect to have as much as four thousand florins to throw away upon a painting!”

At the moment of uttering these words he secretly hugged himself with the conviction that his private cellar contained the thirty barrels of gold pieces which were actually found there after his death.

Rembrandt resumed his work, and in less than an hour the immortal painting was finished. The hour was passed in uninterrupted silence, and during the whole time Rubens, standing behind him, closely watched the manner in which he laid on colors and managed the astonishing effect of his light and shade.

When the painting was fairly finished he turned to Rubens and begged his acceptance of it, as a token of his admiration of his rival’s genius. For the first and last time in his long life the miser refused money.

“It is not yet mid-day,” said he, “and before night I can sketch out and finish another subject. Accept this as a token of my regard. If sometimes I have passed sleepless nights, it was because my thoughts were employed on the preëminent success of my great rival!”

“I am not your rival, Master Rembrandt, but your humble pupil,” answered Rubens, whose bosom was ever free from envy, as his generosity was unbounded; “and that I may prove to you that I am your pupil, and you my master, allow me to have that piece of canvass and the brushes which you have just laid down. I will imitate your manner, and show you how aptly I have learned my lesson. Come hither, my sweet Helen, and sit down right under the light from that window. Place also on thy head this broad straw hat, and be a patient and docile model. My worthy brother artist, allow me to present to you my excellent wife!”

Rembrandt regarded for some moments the charming creature before him with a sardonic smile; then calling to the old woman who was still busy before the fire, he took her by the hand, and, imitating the manner of the noble Rubens, he said,—

“And this, messire, is my wife; allow me to present her to your distinguished notice!”

But Rubens was seated at his task without, however, interrupting the conversation.

“Some weeks ago,” said he, “I had many anxious moments on your account, my worthy sir. There was a report at Antwerp of your death; and a picture-broker even showed a letter from your son, confirming the sad intelligence!”

Rembrandt gave a suppressed laugh, and unblushingly answered—

“The truth is, I was sadly in want of six thousand florins, which still remain due as part of the purchase-money of this house. I myself spread the report of my death, and the trick succeeded.

for my paintings immediately doubled their prices.* But, pray," he continued, "a thousand excuses; it's my dinner-hour, and forgive me if I eat, without, however, interrupting you. I dare not ask you to partake of my sorry repast. It would be unwelcome to the high fed stomachs of yourself and your gentlemen. But what would you have? It is not the lot of all painters to become like you an ambassador and a prince. It was never my good fortune to receive favors at the hands of the kings of Spain and of the Indies, and of England; nor am I a member of any order of knighthood in Christendom; and all my followers consist of my monkey, my wife, and my son Titus, when he happens to be at Cologne. Come, come, Katherine, serve up the soup and the dinner!"

All this was said with a bitter sneer, unperceived by Rubens, but understood by the wife, who well knew every turn of her husband's humor. She spread a soiled cloth upon his table, brought two earthen-ware plates, and poured forth the contents of the pot into a deep earthenware dish. It consisted of a thick soup, mixed up with vegetables and bread. A piece of lean, over-boiled beef, some salt herrings, some cheese, and a jug of beer, completed the measure of the repast. The husband and wife sat down regardless of the company, and ate like a couple of famished wolves. When they had finished, Rubens was giving the last finishing touches to the head upon his canvass. It was the famous "Chapeau de Paille," painted under the inspiration of the lesson received from Rembrandt, and exhibiting all the mysterious influences of light and shade, so characteristic of the manner of the great master of Cologne.

Rembrandt regarded the performance with forced admiration, while secret jealousy was burning at his heart. Rubens presented the painting to Rembrandt.

"We are now," said Rembrandt, "more than quit, for I remain your debtor."

"No, Messire Rembrandt," answered Rubens, "we are not quit. Without the lesson received from you, I should never have been able to paint this portrait, which may well be called my master-piece. Permit me now to present to you this case of silver for your dinner-table. I have had the contents expressly made for you, and your cipher is engraved on each piece. Whenever you use them, I beg you to cast a thought upon your admirer, your pupil, and, also, if you will permit me the honor of that appellation, upon your friend!"

Rembrandt regarded the present with perfect indifference, while old Katherine seized the casket, and, turning out the silver-handled knives, forks, and spoons, for a long time kept admiring their beauty.

* Rembrandt had recourse to the meanest expedients to raise the prices of his paintings, and to get money for the wretched purpose of hoarding up. He was, moreover, a usurer and notorious extortioner. He would also, for larger profit, sell his engravings by auction, and even get persons to bid up their prices to an unconscionable amount; and the imperfect ones were sold by candle-light, that their defects might pass unperceived. Mention has been made of a *picture-broker*. This was, during the glorious times of art in the Low Countries, a regular and very lucrative calling. The individuals following it, like the *bulls and bears* of our modern Stock Exchange, endeavored to raise and lower the prices of paintings by a thousand rumors and contrivances. They also had their time bargains for the works of eminent masters, and every other mode of profit so well known to stock-jobbers.

"Ha, ha, ha, Katherine, they are much finer than the pewter ones we have been accustomed to use!" exclaimed old Rembrandt. "However, put them aside, wife—put them away!" he continued; "and you, Messire Rubens, are a great lord, and it would not become a poor artist like me to refuse the tokens of your beneficence. I would humbly ask permission, noble sir, to pay my respects to you either this evening or to-morrow morning. For the present I cease to be a painter. When the hour of two strikes I become merchant, and every moment I expect Levi Zacharias, the silk-merchant. Solomon Lireh, the banker, and Samuel Netscham, the picture-broker. At what hotel do you lodge, Messire Rubens?"

"I am at the Count Peñaflor's, the governor of the city," answered Rubens. "Adieu, Master Rembrandt, let me see you this evening."

"It shall be this evening," answered Rembrandt, bowing servilely to the very ground.

Rubens led forth his Helen, the gentlemen of his train followed, the party remounted their horses and departed.

"He is a prince!" murmured Rembrandt, as they departed—"he is a very king! He enjoys life in the midst of pleasure and magnificence. Perhaps he is right, perhaps I am an insensate fool, for living thus meanly and obscurely. But what matters," he cried, with an hysterical laugh and an exulting glance of his eye—"ay, what matters, while I have in my secret cellar, and under the safeguard of this key that never quits my side, that which would serve to satisfy the wildest caprices of an emperor? Then lavish, Rubens, all the produce of thy labors in idle acts of generosity and useless extravagance; I also have power, if I would wield it, in the increasing amount of my hoarded treasures!"

The remainder of the day was devoted by Rembrandt to the reception of various persons who knew his habits, and never disturbed him on matters of business till the afternoon. The painter would see anybody and upon any matter, provided only he could realize the exorbitant interest which he invariably demanded. In the evening he thought him of the promised visit to Rubens, and he left the house for that purpose.

As he approached the heart of the city, he was surprised at the crowds of people in the streets. There seemed a general commotion: something very extraordinary must have happened. There came the body of the city crossbow-men in full uniform; the archers shortly followed, with their band playing a joyous strain of music; and then passed in quick time the arquebusiers, with lighted matches, as if they were about to fire off their pieces. Presently he met the burgomaster of the city.

"Well met, Messire Anthon von Opsam!" said Rembrandt; "what is all this noise and confusion about?"

"I cannot stop!" answered the little fat burgomaster, as he hustled onward; "come along, come along!" and he seized the painter by the arm, and they proceeded together.

"Most important news has just arrived," continued Anthon von Opsam. "The United Provinces have yielded to the rule of Spain; the States-general have notified their submission. This is the work of Messire Rubens, who negotiated the treaty. All the companies of the city, with the burgomaster and sheriffs at their head, are about to go in procession to the governor's house, to congratulate Messire Rubens on the auspicious

event. Listen only to the shouts of the people."

And on every side was shouted, "Long live the king of Spain!" "Long live Rubens!" "Long live the friend and benefactor of the United Provinces!" These cries were followed by repeated *feux-de-joie* from the arquebusiers.

"What!" said the burgomaster, as Rembrandt stopped suddenly—"What! will you not accompany us to compliment Messire Rubens?"

"No," answered Rembrandt, in a low tone of voice; "it is getting late, and my wife will be uneasy at my absence. Adieu!"

On saying this he plunged into the midst of the crowd.

"Long live Rubens! Long live the friend and benefactor of the United Provinces!" said he, as he now and then ground his teeth for vexation and spite. "This man, then, has every kind of talent, and reaps glory from everything that he attempts. But what of that? He may be a better diplomatist than I am; but I am curious to know if posterity will admire his paintings more than mine. After all, old Rembrandt will have his glory. And then for money! Ha! ha! ha! He dissipates his fortune with an open hand; while I—I could pay off, with my hoarded wealth, the debts of an impoverished kingdom!"

At that moment the air resounded with a thousand acclamations. He turned his head, and saw Rubens from the balcony of the governor's palace, acknowledging the loud salutations of the citizens of Cologne. He never stopped nor turned his head again, but hurried back to his house.

"What ails thee?" demanded his wife; "thou art breathless; thy lips are livid; thy eyes wander; thou hast torn the collar of thy doublet; thy hand still holds the fragment! What ails thee?"

"Peace! peace, woman! I would be alone!" answered Rembrandt, in a savage tone, that would not bear contradiction. When he was alone, he flung himself into his old leather arm-chair, and exclaimed, as with his clenched hand he violently struck his forehead, "Madman that I am to be envious of this man!"

But we must return to our honest friend Nicholas Borruel and the young Antonio. After receiving the four pieces of gold from the generous cavalier, he bought food and a bottle of beer, which he placed upon his small table, and gave orders for the decent interment of the mother and her child. On looking round, he saw the idiot father crouched in the corner of the room, greedily devouring the food, which he had, unperceived, taken from the table, and utterly regardless of the hungry boy or his generous protector. The tailor was shocked beyond measure; for he wanted no further proof of the utter abasement of the father's mind.

"Yesterday," said he, sorrowfully, "this man showed an heroic courage—the tenderest devotion for his wife and children; to-day his reason is departed, and by the cold remains of those most dear to him he follows the call of a grovelling instinct! Yesterday he was almost an angel; to-day he is less than the vilest animal!"

The burial duly took place, and the coffins were followed by the tailor's neighbors; for everybody was ready to pay the tribute of respect to one who had acted with such singular kind-heartedness. The day was now wearing away rapidly, and yet the stranger had not made his appearance according to his promise. Nicholas Borruel made many

reflections on the heartlessness of the rich. The selfish uncle had turned his little nephew into the street, to starve, or beg his bread, and had refused assistance for the burial of his niece. The rich stranger had lightly forgotten a promise lightly made, and never requested.

"Ah! Master Eustache," said he to his neighbor, the cabinet-maker, "let us thank God that he has made us poor; for, believe me, friend, it is only the poor who best know and most keenly feel for the sufferings of the poor!"

"By our lady, neighbour!" answered the cabinet-maker, "you are a worthy man, and I honor you from my very heart. But, look you, friend Nicholas, I am somewhat jealous that you should have all this good work to yourself; so now, if you have no objection, while you board and lodge the poor boy Antonio, I will teach him my trade; and I promise to turn him out the best workman in Cologne. What say you?"

They shook each other cordially by the hand, and the bargain was soon concluded.

By way of parenthesis, it is necessary to mention two circumstances. Dame Katherine Rembrandt, profiting by the arrival of Rubens, and her husband's consequent temper, had quietly put into her own pocket the six crowns destined for the necessities of the Netcellis; and a messenger came post-haste to Cologne, at the very moment when Rubens was appearing before the people on the balcony of the palace, commanding his instant departure for Brussels, there to be intrusted with the management of another most important mission. He departed that same evening, and thus was prevented the promised visit to honest Nicholas Borruel.

Now, like Time, who enters as chorus in the fourth act of the *Winter's Tale*, we must beg permission to slide over the space of a few years.

Ten years, then, after the circumstances narrated, Rubens once more visited the old city of Cologne; being commissioned by his sovereign, Philip II. of Spain, to form a collection of the works of the most celebrated masters of the Flemish school for the Escorial Gallery. The commands of his sovereign he was bound to obey personally; and the first master to whom he applied, as a matter of course, was Rembrandt. When Rubens approached the house, he was surprised to find many embellishments on the exterior, and when he entered he was struck with the numerous improvements. He was ushered in by a servant neatly dressed, and met in the antechamber by an old lady well attired; short, plump, bustling, and with an eye beaming with good nature.

"Messire Rubens," said she, as soon as she knew the name and quality of her visitor, and in tones of earnest cordiality, "my brother will be rejoiced to see such a guest; for you will be our guest. Is it not so? Messire Rubens will never think of receiving hospitality from any other than his admirer, Rembrandt!"

Rubens excused himself; but the good lady would hardly listen to him. At all events, she insisted on his dining with her brother; and, opening the door of the studio, she announced the name of their distinguished visitor. This apartment had undergone less change than the other parts of the house. The old fire-place, however, had now given way to a stove ornamented with porcelain.

"Welcome," exclaimed Rembrandt, "to the

King of Antwerp; but what has your royalty done with your customary suite?"

Rubens colored deeply at this salutation, which was ironically uttered; but as Rembrandt's eye met that of his sister, his manners changed, and he assumed a much more cordial tone. He shook Rubens warmly by the hand, as he said, "It is many a long year, Messire Rubens, since we met, and many events have since then passed. My old Katherine, whom perhaps you remember, is dead. Heaven be praised!"

"Brother! brother! for shame!" interposed the sister.

"My sister Louise," said Rembrandt, "has kindly come to take care of me and my house. She is devoted in her attachment to me. She is a perfect angel, Messire Rubens—she is a perfect angel." His voice faltered while approaching his sister, whose hand he affectionately kissed.

A tear glistened in the eye of the generous-hearted Rubens, as he looked at Louise with profound respect. Louise blushed like a young girl of sixteen.

"I trust, Messire Rubens," said Rembrandt, "that you will receive better treatment at our hands than when last you saw us. I am ashamed of the sorry reception we then gave you. But who comes here!" continued he, as he turned to the door, which was opened by Master Nikeleker, the notary.

The sister was desirous of preventing his entry, on the plea that her brother had company, and could not be disturbed.

"Ha! ha!" exclaimed the notary, in a hearty tone; "you must not keep me out, Mademoiselle Louise. I bring tidings of your having become a great heiress, and Master Rembrandt has an accession to his fortune of two hundred thousand florins."

"Two hundred thousand florins!" shouted Rembrandt, in an ecstasy of delight.

"Yes, sir," answered the notary. "Your uncle, Eustache Gerritz, is no more. He has left in all six hundred thousand florins—one-third for you, one-third for Mademoiselle, and the remaining third for the children of your sister Margaret."

"My sister Margaret," said Rembrandt, vehemently, "died many years ago."

"Aye, aye," replied the notary; "but her children?"

"Dead, also," asserted the painter.

"Their deaths, then," said Nikeleker, "must be legally proved; for, until that is done, the division of the property cannot possibly take place."

"That can be done in less than an hour's time," answered Rembrandt. "The girl, I know, died: the boy was sickly, and, I dare say, is long since dead; unless, indeed, Nicholas Borruelo, the tailor, who took charge of him, sent him to the hospital."

"The boy of our sister Margaret?" cried the tender Louise; "did she leave a surviving child? Oh, brother, brother! Heaven have mercy upon you! Why did you never mention to me the fact of the boy's existence?"

"Why, sister," replied Rembrandt, in great confusion, "what would you have? How could I bear the expenses of rearing Margaret's boy, when I had one myself, and was, besides, a poor struggling artist, who with difficulty could gain a subsistence?"

"And," demanded sister Louise, "is it only lately that you have heard of the boy's existence?"

"It is now," said Rubens, remembering well meeting the boy and Borruelo, "ten years since Master Rembrandt knew of his nephew's existence: it was on the night of All Saints."

"Master Nikeleker!" exclaimed sister Louise, "you, doubtless, know where this Master Borruelo resides. Will you conduct me to his abode?"

"Mademoiselle," answered the notary, "he resides at the other end of the city, not far from the guard-house of the western gate. I will conduct you there with pleasure."

"And, with your permission," said Rubens, "I will join you company. I am very culpable in having forgotten a promise, and I wish to do all in my power to repair the effects of my forgetfulness!"

Louise, Rubens, and the notary, traversed the city, and entered the humble abode of Nicholas Borruelo. They saw a good-looking, healthy boy, of sixteen, hard at work on some canvass, which was on an easel in a corner of the room. He informed the visitors, in answer to their question, that Nicholas Borruelo would very shortly enter. He had, in fact, gone out with some clothes for a customer; and he handed a seat for Mademoiselle Louise, who was evidently laboring under very great excitement. Rubens went straightway up to the sketch on the easel, and uttered an exclamation of surprise and astonishment, which made the boy blush scarlet.

"Who is thy master?" demanded Rubens, turning to him.

"I never had a master, sir," answered the boy. "I amuse myself in my moments of leisure in daubing canvass, as you see; still that is but seldom, for Master Eustache, the cabinet-maker, for whom I work, has too much need of my services."

"You must put by the saw and the plane, and you must devote yourself to painting," observed Rubens.

"That, sir, is impossible," replied the boy, "for I must work hard at my trade to support myself and my father, who is now getting old."

"Thy father?" asked Dame Louise. "Does thy father yet live?"

"I speak, madam," said the boy, "of the excellent tailor, Master Nicholas Borruelo, who adopted me, and has been to me all that the kindest parent could have been. My own poor father has been dead four years. Master Borruelo supported him, also, for six long years; but he is gone to join my sainted mother and my little sister in heaven! Ah, madam, ours has been a sorrowful story; but Heaven has been merciful to me in sending me such friends as Borruelo and Eustache!"

"Thy name is Antonio Netelli, is it not?" demanded the lady.

"Yes, most honored lady," answered the youth; "such truly is my name."

"Then thy sorrows and trials have ceased," exclaimed the lady. "Thou need'st no longer toil for thy daily subsistence; thou hast found thy family, and art become rich. My child—my child! I am thy mother's aunt, Louise." And, with many tears, the kind-hearted lady warmly embraced the young Antonio.

At that moment a heavy step was heard approaching the door, and Borruelo made his appearance. The youth left the arms of Dame Louise, and joyfully met his foster-father.

"Here is aunt Louise, father—*aunt Louise*, of whom my mother spoke so often, and so affectionately," said Antonio.

Dame Louise informed the tailor of the sudden change in Antonio's fortunes.

Borruelo heard the communication with evident sorrow of heart. His lips moved, and his eye was turned towards heaven in silent prayer. He then took the boy in his arms, and said, in a low, plaintive voice, "Thou art now become rich, Antonio; thou need'st no longer work at thy trade; thou must quit my roof, and wilt perhaps soon cease to love thy father."

"Never—never!" said Antonio, struggling with deep emotion. "As thou hast been, so thou shalt always be—my father. The same roof shall always cover us; we will never separate."

"Worthy man," said the good Louise, "you deserve the world's esteem; it is an honor to know you. Henceforth, look upon me as your intimate friend. And now, nephew, come with me; your uncle Rembrandt is anxious to see you."

"My uncle Rembrandt!" said the youth, drawing back, and shuddering.

"Hush!" said Dame Louise. "You must forgive the past, as those have who are now in heaven!"

"Come, then, my father," said Antonio, turning to Borruelo; "if I go, you must come with me." And he took the old man gently by the arm, and led him along.

"Young man," said Rubens, laying his hand on Antonio's shoulder, "wilt thou become my pupil? I will take thee and thy excellent father to Antwerp, and my house shall be thy home. Dost thou consent? I am Peter Paul Rubens!"

"Rubens!" cried Antonio, enthusiastically—"Rubens! What! I become the pupil of Rubens!" He paused for a few moments in great hesitation; then, running up tenderly to Dame Louise, he said, "Pardon me, noble sir, I cannot do it; I must remain with this good lady; for she is the living resemblance of my dead mother!"

Antonio Neteelli became the pupil of Rembrandt, and rapidly obtained eminence as one of the first masters of Flemish Art. To please his old uncle, he gave a Flemish termination to his Italian name, and always signed his painting **GASPARD ANTOINE NETSCHER**.

From the Spectator of 22 Feb.

CHINA.

FURTHER acquaintance with the "central flowery" land serves to confirm the opinion we have always expressed, that our Chinese victories were only the beginning of more complicated embarrassments.

The government of China is one of those which exist in virtue of doing nothing, and because men are accustomed to it. It is a government upon paper: its officers do not attempt to check or punish crimes—they only write essays against them. Towards the end of 1843, the child of a widow in the district of Canton was stolen by a band of robbers and held to ransom: the poor woman

could not raise the sum demanded, and the robbers roasted the child alive. The governor of the province hereupon issued a proclamation, intimating (what was too well known already) that there were numerous bands of robbers in the district, and exhorting the people "to contrive plans for capturing them and bringing them to justice." The proclamation also stated, that by this means "the number of these banditti will be daily lessened and that of well-behaved people increase; the manners and habits of the populace will undergo a renovating change." But not a word was said of any active steps about to be taken for the arrest of the kidnappers. The same fashion of publishing a lay sermon or moral essay, instead of sending policemen to arrest offenders, prevails at Pekin. Robberies and murders are perpetrated as openly in the province of Pe-che-li, in which the capital is, and in the neighboring provinces of Leaoutung and Shantung, as in that of Canton; and encountered in like manner by proclamations only.

The despatches of a shrewd man like Keying to the emperor indicate the character of the prince to whom they are addressed. Little stress should be laid upon the hyperbolical compliments paid to the monarch and the abusive epithets applied to foreigners. Our best translators are mere elementary scholars in the Chinese language; its turns and combinations, so different from those of European tongues, become more strange in their schoolboy versions; and epithets are supposed to be used by the Chinese with an entire consciousness of their force, which are probably as unmeaning as the "most obedient servant" of our epistles, or have lost their original offensive meaning as completely as "furosh," (slave,) which at Medina has come to be the title of the rulers of the city. But even after translating Keying's strange phraseology into the most commonplace language, his despatches are evidently the efforts of a man of sense to reconcile an ignorant and childish despot to treaties concluded with more powerful nations upon equal terms. The wily statesman prepares the royal mind for the intelligence of what has been conceded, by sneering at the bad grammar of the foreign ministers, and enlarging on the claims that have been rejected.

There is a great amount of political insubordination as well as general lawlessness in China. In Leaoutung, (the Mandshu province nearest Pekin on the east,) Chinese immigrants are occupying large districts in defiance of the prohibitions of government. In Koko-nor, (the Mongol province immediately adjoining the western termination of the north frontier of the "central flowery,") the predatory tribes threaten to invade the province of Sechuen; and the Chinese government has no better means of repelling them than by bribing one half of them to fight against the other. In Dsoongaria and Turkistan, (the provinces lying between Siberia and Tibet,) no taxes are paid. In Formosa, the islanders have rebelled, and were still in arms against the Mandarins at the date of the last news. In the mountains north-west of the province of Canton, there is a numerous and hardy race which has never acknowledged the imperial sovereignty.

In a country where rebellion and robbery have become chronic diseases—where the forms of government exist everywhere and its power is felt nowhere—habit may give permanence to such an imaginary constitution, so long as no impulse is

received from without. But the slightest contact with foreign influences must shake it to the foundation. That contact has taken place. England has contracted one commercial treaty with China; the United States another, in which some more favorable articles have been introduced; the French have a mission in China, which is claiming, with a good deal of bluster, more respectful treatment than was experienced by the American Envoy. The French, American, and English traders in the waters of China, are animated by their full share of national jealousy. The British settlement at Hong-kong is an eyesore to the others: France and the United States will aspire to have their islands or their settlements on the main also. The hatred of foreigners entertained by the rabble, and the powerlessness of the officers of the law, have already given rise to repeated attacks upon the European and American traders at Canton: an unprovoked assault has been made upon some English gentlemen at Fow-chow-foo. When it is the cue of any American or European government to pick a quarrel with the Chinese as a pretext for occupying a part of the Imperial territory, a substantial grievance is not likely to be long wanting. And who can doubt that such a territorial acquisition by any one state would stimulate all the rest to hasten to anticipate each other in appropriating part of the spoil? France has only to place Du-petit-Thouars on the Chinese station, in order to recommence in China the game of hostilities between the European factories and intrigues with the local native governors, which in India has terminated by leaving almost the whole of the peninsula on our hands.

From the National Intelligencer.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

EVERY man whose philanthropy is not bounded by country or kin, who can rejoice in the advances of the human family in knowledge, virtue, and happiness, whether those advances take place in China or New Zealand, and mourn when he hears of violence and of wrong, of crime and of misery, as well when they occur in Labrador or Craffaria as in London or New York, will be gratified to learn that "in the far-off isles" of the Pacific, the white man has carried not unmixed evil, but that civilization, in some of its most unquestioned shapes, is rapidly extending itself among the natives of those comparatively lately-discovered abodes of the human race. We have just received a file of "*the Polynesian*," a weekly journal, published at Honolulu, in Oahu, one of the Hawaiian or Sandwich Islands, and have made the following summary of its contents:—

There are three weekly papers published at Honolulu, viz. the "Friend," the "Nonanona," and the "Polynesian." The first of these is edited by a clergyman, the Rev. Samuel C. Damon, and devotes much of its columns to the cause of religion, temperance, &c. The "Nonanona" contains many valuable agricultural articles; and the "Polynesian" has been lately purchased by the government, and connected with the government printing establishment. It is published under the editorial care of J. J. Jarves, who is also the director of government printing. This last mentioned paper is therefore "the official organ," and contains the government appointments, ordinances, decrees, reports of the proceedings of

the courts, &c. The decrees and orders of the courts are generally printed in the English, the French, and the Hawaiian languages.

We find in the *Polynesian* a weekly summary of foreign news, selected from the journals of all countries, highly respectable disquisitions on philology, jurisprudence, the law of nations, reviews of new and foreign publications, scientific notices, &c. Thus, for example, the number dated August 24th contains an elaborate report on the finances, commerce, manufactures, &c., of Mexico, by R. C. Wyllie, British pro-consul at Honolulu—this is continued through several succeeding papers; a long and learned disquisition on the exact meaning of the words used in connexion with the subject of allegiance, in which the Roman Code, Vattel, Chancellor Kent, Judge Story, and the French and English authorities are quoted. To this succeeds an editorial article on the establishment of a public cemetery at Honolulu; news from China and from Oregon; reports of cases tried before C. Kanaina, acting Governor of Oahu; a petition to Kamehameha III. King of the Sandwich Islands, against the grant of a license for the sale of spirituous liquors in the Bay of Hilo; a list of imports for the week; notice of a meeting of the "Hawaiian Total Abstinence Society;" shipping intelligence; advertisements of new books, hotels, schools, sales, new goods, &c. The *Polynesian* is very neatly and accurately printed. Hungwa, the landlord of the Canton Hotel, advertises that he has secured the services of superior Chinese cooks and waiters; the lists of new books received, include all the recent publications of the English and American press.

In the paper of August 31st, we have an "order in council" of his Hawaiian majesty, prescribing a "code of etiquette" to be observed at his court. There is also an advertisement of "Albert E. Wilson, general commission merchant, Astoria, mouth of the Columbia river," offering his services for the sale of merchandise and purchase of the produce of the country. Other papers contain similar advertisements of merchants in California.

In the papers of the 21st and 28th of September very copious literary notices are given of the cruise of the "United States Exploring Expedition," as deduced from the synopsis published in this city in 1842, and the brief account published in Silliman's Journal in 1843. In the *Polynesian* of the 28th September is a very able article on naturalization, and the reciprocal duties of nations to each other. The same paper contains an anticipatory glance of the future importance of the Sandwich Islands in a commercial point of view. "Their riches," says the writer, "lie in the soil; of mineral wealth they have next to none. Markets are opening around us. A continent lies near us, rapidly filling with Anglo-Saxon sons. Sugar, coffee, indigo, tobacco, cotton, and cabinet lumber will be the staple commodities, and maize, wheat, yarns, arrow-root, hemp, raw silk, &c., articles of secondary value. These islands will become the West Indies of the northern Pacific; the trade will naturally go forward to Oregon, and if we do not hasten operations the demand will exceed our means of supplying it. The trade of the Southern Islands," continues the writer, "will naturally tend southward, towards the myriads of Englishmen who inhabit the Island Continent," (New Holland.) The existing trade between Columbia river and the Sandwich Islands is evidenced by an

advertisement in this week's paper of the arrival for sale of 107,000 feet of lumber, 300 barrels of superior flour, 300 barrels of "the highly-prized Columbia river salmon," &c., by the barque Brothers; and subsequent papers notice similar arrivals to a large amount. A considerable arrival of lumber, shingles, &c., from California is also noticed. In the Polynesian of October 5th, reference is made to a letter (the second on the subject) received from "a Maryland farmer of capital," in regard to emigration to the Sandwich Islands, with a view to the cultivation of wheat and the manufacturing of it into flour. The editor requests information upon these points, as the probable means of establishing a very desirable branch of business.

The paper of 5th October contains the following notice of the latest news which had been received from other parts of the world. This was from London to March 12th; Paris, March 10th; New Orleans, May 22d; Boston, April 10th; New York, April 26th; Mazatlan, May 30th; Society Islands, August 19th; China, June 14th. A supplement to this paper publishes "by authority" the official correspondence between G. P. Judd, Esq., secretary of state for foreign affairs, and George Brown, Esq., United States commissioner, relative to the case of John Wiley, an American citizen, who had been fined by a native court for a breach of the laws. Without in the least taking sides in the controversy between these gentlemen, we must be allowed to say that the Hawaiian secretary of state displays much diplomatic tact and address. Under date of October 12th, we find a long literary notice of "the Life, Character, and Labors, of the late Bartimens L. Puaaki, of Wailukee, by J. J. Green." The reviewer says: "A book in English from a Hawaiian press was not long since a *rara avis*; but now the list of authors who clothe their thoughts in that language is very respectable. Literature is looking up among us."

The total amount of whaling shipping of all nations which touched at the several ports of the Sandwich Islands, from January 1st to October 10th, 1844, is valued at \$12,183,940, being 249 vessels, which were manned by 7,200 seamen. The great preponderance of American property engaged in this business will strike every one. It exceeds that of *all other nations* by \$9,621,960, by 176 vessels, and by 5,407 men. The American vessels sail on temperance principles, and much of their success is to be attributed to this fact. The United States government bestows no bounty upon this fishery, and yet it flourishes to an extent which casts that of all other countries into the shade. The English appear to have almost entirely abandoned it. Next to the Americans, the Bremeners are the most successful; but their business can be considered little else than a branch of the American, being mainly established by them.

The high moral tone uniformly maintained by the editor of the Polynesian cannot be sufficiently commended, whilst the always lucid and often elegant style in which his ideas are expressed gives "to the truth a double force." The editorial article of the 26th October, on the duty of economy, and the folly of people living beyond their means, is worthy of all praise. It appears that, even in Honolulu, this species of false pride prevails to a considerable extent:

"How far this has been the case (says the editor) we will not undertake to say; but we do

fear that a false pride exists, and a spirit of emulation which prompts people to transcend their means. Individual wealth is unknown as yet; a few persons have been sufficiently fortunate to acquire a competency from the precarious and restricted business of the place. But poverty is likewise a stranger. Every industrious man has it in his power not only to secure a living, but to accumulate."

Royal trips and journeyings seem to be the fashion in Hawaii as well as in Europe. Their Majesties take sailing excursions in a royal schooner; and a cargo of royal household furniture had arrived at Honolulu for the new palace for the residence of the king, which was expected to be completed by the 1st of November. The royal party "sailed to Kailua on the 12th October, on a visit to Governor Adams, who was expected to be near his end."

The paper of 2d November contains a long editorial review of the "correspondence between the Hawaiian Secretary of State and the American Commissioner in the case of John Wiley, an American citizen—printed by order of the government." The editor handles the subject "without gloves," but decorously and in a good spirit. He concludes by expressing "his firm reliance upon the wisdom and equity of the cabinet at Washington," to whom the business has been referred. We have received a copy of the handsomely and correctly printed pamphlet, extending to seventy-eight pages, which contains this correspondence, and has been printed at the government press, Honolulu; but shall make no comments upon the subject, awaiting the arbitration of the tribunal to which the Hawaiian authorities have referred it.

The news of the rejection of the treaty for the annexation of Texas, by the Senate of the United States on the 8th June, was received at Honolulu on the 28th October, and noticed without comment. The sentiments of the British government, as expressed in a letter from Lord ABERDEEN, dated July 1, 1844, and received by the British Consul General to the Sandwich Islands towards the end of October, appear to have given great satisfaction. His lordship says:

"I need not repeat the assurance, which we have already given to the government of the Sandwich Islands, that our only object is to secure the independence and permanent well-being of that country; at the same time that we ensure to all British subjects a fair and liberal treatment on the part of the government. All that the British government desires is, that British subjects and British interests in general should be placed upon the same footing with the subjects and interests of other countries, and also that that footing should be such as to prevent as far as possible all future misunderstanding and contention between the respective governments."

There were in the harbor of Honolulu, on the 2d of November, 26 American vessels, including the United States sloop-of-war Warren, Capt. Hull; 4 English vessels, including her Britannic Majesty's ketch, the Basilisk, Capt. Hunt; 8 Hawaiian, 2 Bremen, 2 French, 1 Danish, 1 Norwegian, and one Tabitian vessel; in all 45 vessels: being 2 ships-of-war, 33 ships and barques, 4 brigs, and 6 schooners.

The Polynesian of November 9th contains an account of Morse's Magnetic Telegraph, extracted from the Baltimore American. The same paper contains the recognition of the independence of the Sandwich Islands by the government of Belgium,

the latter expressing a desire to establish close commercial relations between the two countries.

Besides the new royal residence, it appears that a palace is also building for the governor of Oahu, which is said to be the most costly and imposing building which has been erected on the island. "Its faults, however," says the Polynesian, "and those of other public and private buildings, show that an architect of good taste and skill is much needed." The native chiefs are also building new residences in Honolulu, and the town appears to be rapidly improving.

It was stated, among other novelties, that "the Wesleyan Methodists of the Bingham circuit have erected a wooden meeting house upon wheels, capable of seating 120 persons, for the accommodation of several villages where no site can be obtained."

The Polynesian of the 16th November says that complaints have been made, without just cause, by the captains of whalers touching at Honolulu, of the amount of port charges which they have had to pay. The following statement is given of the port expenses charged on a vessel of 300 tons burden :

Tonnage duty, at 6 cents per ton, . . .	\$ 18
Buoys, &c.,	3
Pilotage in and out, \$ 1 per foot, say 28 feet, . . .	28

— \$ 49

These charges are said to be very low in proportion to the advantages obtained. "The peculiar value and importance of these islands to the whaling interest" are said "to have become more conspicuous since the discovery of the great Northwestern hunting ground." In this quotation "hunting" is to be understood by the uninitiated as meaning the *catching of whales*, and "ground" to mean *sea*. "These islands," says the editor, "afford fresh provisions, medical aid, secure harbors, wholesome laws, the means of recruiting diminished crews, of repairing vessels, &c. If they had not existed, the whaling business must have been prosecuted under serious disadvantages."

The latest news which had been received from Tahiti (Otaheite) at Honolulu was of the 26th October, at which time the best understanding appeared to exist between the native authorities and the resident ones of England and France. Queen POMARE had been invited to return to Tahiti to resume her rights as the independent sovereign of the Society Islands, under the protectorate which had been established. This she had refused to do till the definite orders should arrive from Europe; but hopes were entertained that everything would be speedily and satisfactorily arranged.

We trust that, with the great majority of our readers, the interesting nature and the importance of the subject will supersede the necessity of any apology for the length of this article. The Anglo-Saxons or Anglo-American race are belting the world with their language, their laws, their literature, and their religion. This enterprising, energetic, and enlightened branch of the human family is, if not absolutely dominant in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, secondary to no other race. In Australasia it is striking firm and vigorous root; and in Polynesia, our present article will show that its march has been and is rapidly onward. May it be the means of spreading true religion, sound knowledge, rational liberty, and

useful and ennobling literature, science, and art, through the universal family of mankind!

From the Spectator.

THE ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

No nation has been great or prosperous that did not honor an idea. The power and happiness of every nation have been in proportion to the purity and elevation of the idea it has honored. The idea which England reveres and cherishes is that of the English gentleman.

The very outcast of society, when he would gall one of his betters in worldly station, can invent no reproach that he conceives more bitter than "you are no gentleman." When the Earl of Dalhousie, in the house of lords, proclaimed Captain O'Brien "a man of as pure integrity as any peer in this house," he recognized, and the peers of England with him, the unquestioned honor of the English gentleman—the title of moral nobility superior to legal rank, to which peers and commoners must alike aspire if they wish to be respected by their countrymen. The *real* gentleman is in the England of our day what the knight was in the days of chivalry: the ascendancy in council, in the field, and in the hall, which was conceded to the knight of old, is attributed now to the gentleman.

The English gentleman is that ideal character which all Englishmen aspire to be, or at least to be thought. The English gentleman is brave—physically and morally. The English gentleman is veracious—in England alone "the lie" is considered as the greatest and most inexpiable insult. The English gentleman is decorous—no deliberate profligate can hope to be thought an English gentleman. The English gentleman is humane. The English gentleman has a taste for literature and science. The English gentleman abhors ostentation; though his plainness is free from rusticity. The substratum of the character is the homely hearty squire; the *animating* principle, a spirit of chivalry such as existed in Sidney, dashed with a spice of the Puritan; and the *regulating* principle, strong common sense, with a dread of appearing ridiculous, carried almost to excess.

The English public is not exacting; it does not demand perfection from its leaders—it is ever ready to make allowance for lapses incident to humanity: but it reverences those only who keep the ideal character of the gentleman constantly before their eyes as the model upon which they seek to form themselves. The very mob have never been long faithful to any leader who was not by education and habits a gentleman. The demagogue who would count upon their fidelity must possess that refinement on the want of which they pride themselves: he may be weak, vain, headstrong, inconsistent; but a shabby trick, or anything that looks like chicanery, is fatal to his empire. The English mob retained to the last a sneaking kindness for the "faded gentleman," which the power and (in his main object) consistency of O'Connell have failed to obtain for him. And to the minister of this country the highest talents and most fervid patriotism are recommendations far weaker than the character of a true English gentleman. In practical sagacity, in broad statesmanlike views, Fox was immeasurably superior to Pitt; but the dicing and drabbing of the whig leader placed him at a disadvantage. In the present century, we have seen a statesman endowed with preternatural quickness of apprehen-

sion, unsurpassed powers of oratory, boundless ambition, energy, and indefatigable activity, lose all political influence, simply from an excess of versatility incompatible with the self-respect which is a main ingredient of the idea of an English gentleman. Lord Liverpool's and Lord Grey's best recommendation to the office of premier was their gentlemanly character: Lord Melbourne was acknowledged as the leader of his party because he was, take him all in all, much of a gentleman. The present premier, though undoubtedly possessed of all other essentials of the gentleman, has, it must be confessed, one capital fault of manner: not satisfied with acting sensibly and honorably, he is in the habit of telling parliament, with no slight parade, that he does so; a practice inconsistent with the quiet self-reliance which characterizes the English gentleman. This defect in externals has been found sufficient of itself to preclude his becoming with John Bull the object of a devoted and unhesitating confidence: and at this moment, to make matters worse, his best man of business in one house has met a rather awkward charge in a rather equivocal way; while his crack debater, now in the other house, is constantly exposing himself to the sarcasm that he studied morals at Newmarket and logic in the office of a pettifogging attorney.

The public opinion of England is formed and guided by the gentlemen of England—by the men who, whatever their fortune, rank, or profession, have cultivated minds, a manly courage, and an ever-watchful sense of honor and decorum. Their influence may be traced in our foreign as in our domestic policy—in the Quixotic scrupulousness with which England rejected all share in the spoils of Europe at the congress of Verona; in the anxiety that all nations should share the opened commerce of China.

Honor, then, to the English gentleman. If you ask where is the source of England's greatness, Mr. Cobden will say, its manufacturers—its men to whom the bank of England would gladly lend two millions; Mr. Gladstone, its church; the Duke of Buckingham, its landed proprietors; and Cobbett (if alive) would have said, its bold peasantry. And all of them are entitled to their share of credit: but the true English gentleman, wherever he is found or whatever his pursuit—whether pleading causes, spinning yarns, feeding prize-oxen, shooting game, or poring over books—is the real upholder of England's might.

VERSES TO AN OLD FRIEND.

We will not meet again, old friend of mine!

Much of life's beauty hath already past,
And now I would not willingly resign

The spell thy memory can about me cast.
What I have been to thee, and thou to me,
Even since those old days wherein we met,
We ne'er could be again, if each should see,
How little of the past remaineth yet.

No, no! It were not well to learn how strange,
How all unlike thy heart and mine have grown;
To feel and know how sorrowful a change

Time and the world have wrought; weeping to
own

The fairest vision of our lives had fled.

I know we are not as we were; I know

How much, alas, of my past self is dead!

Therefore, old friend, we 'll meet no more below!

How have the depths of bitterness been stirr'd

Within my soul since those departed days;

I, who could smile at every jesting word—

I, whom thy spirit at its will could raise

Up to its own proud heights of dreamy thought—

I, from whose sunny hopes, thy nobler mind

Fresh energy and inspiration caught—

How little of all this thou now would'st find!

I would be still to thee the same as then—

The bright, the gay, the fearless; I would be

To thy vex'd soul, amid the strife of men,

A joy and comfort; o'er the dreary sea

Of this unresting life I fain would bring

From the sweet promise-land of youth, some sign

Of hope, some token of that joyful spring

When time flowed sweetly as a hymn divine.

We will not meet again; for though I've clung,

As a fond child, to every lovely dream

We culled, like blossoms, when we two were
young,

Many have wither'd in the duller beam

That lights my pathway now, and we should feel

At once too bitterly that harshest truth—

That time, in our despite, hath power to steal

Such sympathy as bound our hearts in youth.

We will not meet again! I dare not look

Into the secrets of thy world-tried heart.

Remembering all thou wert, I ill could brook

To see a change in thee, if changed thou art;

Thou, from whose wisdom, breathed to me of old,

My soul has gather'd strength in hours of pain—

How could I bear to find thee dull and cold?

Old friend of mine, we must not meet again!

It may be that I wrong thee, thus to dread

Losing the comfort thy remembrance gives;

That through life's trials thou hast nobly sped,

And still thy lofty faith has lived and lives.

Forgive, if this be so, for I am weak

With many care-worn thoughts, and full of fear

Lest now thy voice in altered tones should speak,

Nor pour rich words of wisdom on mine ear.

We will not meet, and all that thou hast been

Thou still mayst be to me till life is o'er,

And I, my later griefs unknown, unseen,

Can still to thee be all I was of yore.

Thou, with thy wise and holy words, shalt bless

My lonely thoughts; and ever o'er thy soul,

Mine image, bright with youth and happiness,

Shall hold, in spite of time, its soft control.

Fraser's Mag.

From Fraser's Magazine.

POLICY OF THE BRITISH MINISTERS.

It is a strange feeling that comes over us when, for the first time in our lives, we find ourselves upon the descent of the Brenner, or the Simplon, or any other precipitous mountain-road, especially if, on the right hand or the left, there be a frightful chasm, into which a single jib or a start by the horses must inevitably plunge us. No matter how firm our confidence may be in the skill of the driver; no matter how decided the postmaster's assurances touching the steadiness and amiable tempers of the beasts that drag the carriage. Our nerves tingle and our breath fails us as often as we suffer our vision to wander down that horrible pit, which seems yawning to receive us; and, in spite of the sublimity of the scene, we are forced in the end—that is, supposing our constitutional temperament to be a delicate one—to lean back in our seat and close our eyes, committing ourselves, in a sort of collapse, to fortune, or to providence, or to any other invisible, but resistless, agency that may be in favor, to do with us exactly what it will.

We are not prepared to say that, with feelings altogether similar to these, the great Conservative party, who brought the present ministers into power, regard at this moment their own position and the proceedings of their master. There is much of hope mixed up with the alarm which generally pervades them. They are satisfied that the coachman is skilful in his vocation, and has nerve enough for anything. They admit, likewise, that his style of driving is suitable to the path on which they have entered; and, therefore, trust, and, indeed, believe, that they will be carried through the pass without sustaining hurt; but it would be absurd to deny that they heartily wish themselves out of it. The whole scene, and their own plight in regard to it, is so new, so unexpected, that they are at a loss how to sustain the nervous agitation that is caused by it. Let us drop this metaphor, however, and in plain, downright English, set forth what we mean to say to the readers of *Regina*, leaving them to draw their own inferences from the facts which may be brought before them; for of facts, more than of theories, it is our intention to speak.

Time was when the watchwords of the Tory party were:—in England, “Our glorious Constitution in church and state;”—in Ireland, “Protestant Ascendancy,” with an occasional reference, especially after dinner, to “the pious, glorious, and immortal memory of —” no matter whom. We speak now of days when Sir Robert Peel was a young man—a subordinate in that ministry of which the late Earl of Liverpool was at the head, and John, Earl of Eldon, lord-chancellor of England, the main prop and stay. Then was Mother Church not only mighty, but rampant. Then was the statute-book graced by enactments which denied to Papists all the privileges of citizenship, save protection to life and property alone; and rendered it incumbent on such as might aspire to seats in the house of commons to have received at least once, previously to the day of election, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper in the church of the parish where they might be resident. The agricultural interest, too, was in high favor then; for the ports were closed against foreign corn, till after the price of that grown at home should have exceeded eighty shillings per quarter. Nor let it

be supposed that the trade and commerce of the country were neglected. Very far from it. English silks were saved from the competition of foreigners by import duties, which amounted to a prohibition. English cotton and woollen goods, English cutlery, porcelain, hats, shoes—everything, in short, of home manufacture, was protected; not by the skill of the fabricators, but by the interference of laws, which closed the home market against strangers. Meanwhile the shipping interests, the West India interests, the Canadian interests, the East India Company's interests, were all bolstered up as stoutly and carefully as the votes of houses of parliament could do it. Protection, indeed, was the order of the day;—protection to life and property by the free use of the gallows to the church, by a steady depression of Dissenters; to commerce and navigation, by a thousand restrictive duties; to the aristocracy, by a careful denial of representatives to populous places, and a tender fostering of such constituencies as were found in Gatton, Sandwich, and Old Sarum. And the faintest intimation of a desire to change that system, especially in regard to the election of members of parliament, was denounced as symptomatic of those levelling views which are directed constantly and with eagerness towards a democratic form of government.

The great principle of the Liverpool administration may be described as the “Do-nothing principle.” “Let well alone,” was their favorite maxim; and, as long as it continued to be well, perhaps a little longer, the *vis inertiae* was kept in steady operation. There were, however, even in the Liverpool cabinet, men to whom a state of absolute rest was not a state of absolute happiness. Canning, and Huskisson, and their friends, desired change; and, though faithful to parliament as it then existed, and as much opposed to reform as the duke himself, they forced their colleagues into the repeal of the navigation-laws, as well as to the general admission, that wherever a system of reciprocity could be established, free-trade offered greater advantages to all parties than its opposite. For this, however, the old tory party hated them. How eloquent were the *Standards* and *Morning Heralds* of those days in their denunciations of measures which persons of greater weight in the country than they felt to be but the beginning of an end! And how gallant, too, was the resistance of the tory section in the cabinet. Catholic Emancipation! the repeal of the test and corporation acts! free-trade! the theories of political economists! the very sound of the words fell like discord on the ears of the Eldons and Peels of the period of which we are speaking. And so it came to pass that, till the liberals, as they were called, had, by the hand of death or otherwise, been purged wholly out of the cabinet, no steps were taken to innovate seriously upon arrangements which custom had matured, and to which long use, it was supposed, had reconciled the nation.

Another peculiarity of the times of which we are now speaking, ay, and of days less distant, was, that the worst kind of taxation was asserted to be that which makes its appeal directly to the pockets of the payers; which takes money, apparently for nought, and so renders the state a copartner in every man's earnings and property. Assessed taxes men brought themselves to endure, though not without an effort; because they bore exclusively upon luxuries, and were paid on account of conveniences which the payers, if they chose, might do without, and which were con-

spicuous to the world. But even assessed taxes were not popular with the statesmen who imposed them, and were retained on no other plea than that of dire necessity. Hence soap, candles, tea, sugar, malt, beer, wine, bread, salt, leather, dye-stuffs—every article, in short, of consumption, every necessary of life, to the poor as well as to the rich, bore its burden. And the arguments of such as ventured to hint at a different arrangement were met, first, by the assertion that there was no injustice in the arrangement at all; and next, that if there were, it was better that men should pay to the state through their grocers, their hatters, and their shoemakers, than through the most unpopular of all public functionaries, the common tax-gatherer. Well do we remember, so recently as the year 1829, when an honorable gentleman, now in parliament, suggested a change in regard to this matter, that his proposition was met by the minister with a brevity and vigor of expression which had more the air of determination than of courtesy about it. However, time was running his ceaseless course all this while, and changes of various kinds came round upon his chariot-wheels.

Sir Robert Peel, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Eldon, and their party, refused to take office under Mr. Canning, because he was avowedly favorable to the removal of what were called the Catholic disabilities. The old tory party praised them for this on their retirement, and bore them back again with loud shouts, after the death of Canning and the weakness of his successors opened to them once more the gates of Downing-street. They came into office one year, and the very next test and corporation acts and Catholic disabilities went by the board. Had they taken another step in advance, we are not prepared to say that they would have insured to themselves a perpetuity of power; but there can be no doubt now that their proceedings in the matter of the East Retford question, followed up by the duke's memorable declaration against parliamentary reform, were the proximate causes of that terrible convulsion, from the effects of which this country has not yet recovered. The whigs came in, and with them the triumph of liberal principles, as far as it suited the convenience of professed liberals to broach these principles; yet the whigs neither dared to speak of endowments for the Roman Catholic church in Ireland, nor dreamed of revolutionizing either the commercial or the fiscal arrangements of the empire. Many changes they certainly introduced into the *constitution*, properly so called, of the country; but the manner of working it in detail, the system of management in the several portions of the United Kingdom, the church, both here and elsewhere, and, above all, the principle of taxation, these, when compelled to quit office, they left pretty much as they had found them. Let us see what has befallen since; and how a conservative cabinet, backed up and supported by the most powerful party that ever forced its chiefs into office, has, in regard to these matters, comported itself.

There is no denying that the present government took office at a period of extraordinary danger and difficulty to the country. Disastrous wars abroad; seditious movements, but little removed from rebellion, at home; ruined commerce, and a revenue falling off from quarter to quarter; all bespoke a state of things which was not to be met by common measures of amendment. The new

government felt this, and acted upon the conviction. Warned by the total failure of the policy of their predecessors, they determined to hazard a complete change of system, and they were encouraged to do so by the assurance that dwelt upon their minds that their will would be accepted as law by the nation. How, indeed, could the case be otherwise? Their majorities in the two houses of parliament were overwhelming. True, the measures which they had considered and matured were not likely to please their own friends, or, at all events, some of them. But what of that? Their friends *dare* not leave them, for, if they did, the consequence would be an immediate return to office of the clique towards whom they had taught themselves to feel as Hannibal felt towards the Romans. And as to the opposition, first, they were numerically too feeble to be much accounted of; and, next, they must become false to their own principles, and so degrade themselves in the eyes of the whole world, if they refused to support attempts, which it was assumed that they had meditated, perhaps yearned and longed to make, but which, well knowing the strength of the party that would have gainsaid them, they had not hardihood, perhaps patriotism, enough to propose.

The putting down of the repeal movement in Ireland, with the trials, bungled as they were, that followed, were measures entirely after the good old tory heart; there was no reserve in the applause wherewith that master-stroke of policy was greeted. But may we predicate as much in regard either to the tariff of 1842 or the imposition at that time of an income-tax? Perhaps not. Nevertheless, the measures were proposed and carried; and the conservatives, or tories, felt that, from that hour, the ground on which they used once upon a time to stand was no longer tenable.

The original tariff and income-tax were speedily followed by enactments more and more indicative of the fact that "old things were passing away," that "all things were become new." Ireland must be quieted; the demand for a repeal of the union must be put to silence; and there were but two means whereby this end could be accomplished. Half a century ago, or less—may we not say five-and-twenty years ago, at the utmost?—the Irish people would have been told that, if they persisted in disturbing the public peace, they should suffer for it. And suffer for it they would have done. For, unless our memory be much at fault, the Duke of Wellington in the lords, and Sir Robert Peel in the commons, gave to all concerned something like a pledge to this effect, when, in 1829, after passing the emancipation act, they declared, "that, should the measure unfortunately fail of producing the results which they anticipated from it, they would be the first to ask from parliament such powers as should enable them to vindicate the outraged majesty of the law." Now we need not say that, if by the language which they then held, our illustrious leaders intended to prophesy a long season of content and submission in Ireland, they *proved* no more than that they had not been gifted with the art of *vaticination*. Ireland has never been so turbulent, so entirely unmanageable, as since the Roman Catholics carried that point, the surrender of which was counted upon, ere the event befell, as the sure forerunner of peace, and plenty, and gratitude, and the very height of loyalty, in that portion of her majesty's dominions. However, it would be unfair to keep

out of view that many other causes than the *one* have contributed to produce this. Thirteen or fourteen years of whig management, during which the government depended from week to week for its existence on men avowedly hostile to all the established institutions of the country, could not fail of creating in Ireland a spirit which we do not know how to describe, lest we should seem to labor under the influence of a delusion. It is enough when we remind our readers that the tables were turned with a vengeance; that it was no longer Protestant, but Popish ascendancy which sober-minded men found cause to dread; that laws yet unrepealed were violated openly, and the violation sanctioned by the authorities of the day; and that the consequence was a thorough dislocation of the whole framework of society. How the whigs can have the effrontery to speak of the repeal movement as originating in the return of the tories to power would, indeed, surprise us, if anything that occurs in party strife were a legitimate cause of wonder to the lookers-on. The repeal movement was in full operation long before the weakness of Lord Melbourne's cabinet had become apparent beyond the limits of parliament, and would have operated far more effectually than it did, either at Clontarf or anywhere else, but for the providential removal from the sovereign's councils of men who, let their intentions be as upright as they might, were without power to carry them into execution.

There was no alternative to Sir Robert Peel, in reducing Ireland to a state of rest and comparative obedience to the laws, except either to govern with a rod of iron, or to conciliate the great body of the people, by behaving generously to them on their most tender point. To effect the former, he must have prevailed upon parliament to suspend the constitution in the sister island, and to coerce and restrain its inhabitants by martial law, and an army of 150,000 men. Now, apart from all considerations of moral right and moral wrong, these are arrangements much more easily talked about than accomplished. We do not believe that a proposal of the sort would have been listened to in either house; we are very sure that in the present cabinet there is not a man who ever dreamed of making it. For, be it observed, that there is no doing work like this by halves. You must have penal laws against the Roman Catholic religion, otherwise failure is certain. You must go back to the days of William III., or the Duke of Cumberland, and treat Papists as these worthies treated the Episcopalians of Scotland, each in his generation, re-acting the massacres of Glencoe and Cullozen, only on a larger scale, or you will do nothing. Now neither Sir Robert Peel nor Lord John Russell would tolerate such things. How, then, was the minister to act?

And here let us observe, that we are arrived at the summit of the Brenner pass. We know that it is necessary to descend; yet it would be ridiculous to deny that the first movement which the carriage makes towards the plains of Bavaria agitates us exceedingly. The charitable endowments bill was a bold measure. We praised it at the time, and we repeat our praises now; but it certainly made us, and, we suspect, the whole tory party, feel queer. In Ireland it has wrought much good, not unmixed with a little evil. We are sorry to see that our Protestant brethren there too much denounce it. We can make many allowances for them, but in this we are satisfied

that they are wrong. And now behold what follows! The queen's speech having lightly paved the way, the minister seizes the earliest opportunity of announcing that the education of candidates for holy orders, according to the rites of the Roman Catholic church in Ireland, shall henceforth be carried on at the public expense. Fed, clothed, and boarded by the public these young aspirants for the cowl and the tonsor may not be; but all the appliances of learning are to be provided for them out of a grant from government; and Maynooth, enlarged and enriched, yet no wise remodelled, either in its constitution or privileges, is to be the scene of their religious and intellectual training.

The carriage has taken another dash downwards. Safe we still believe it to be; but there is a chasm close to the road, over which it makes us dizzy to gaze, though we cannot shut our eyes to it. Sir Robert Peel does right in facilitating the better education of the Irish Roman Catholic priesthood. Till this is done, and benefices assured to them afterwards, less repulsive to good taste, good feeling, and personal independence, than the contributions of the poor, it is vain to expect that *gentlemen* will become ministers in the church of the majority in Ireland. Plenty of talent there will always be, with some scholarship—not much; some slight acquaintance with the dead languages, and an abundant stock of bigotry; but Maynooth as it was, and the P.P. parishes as they are, never could have produced such a body of priests as should deserve the respect of the higher orders, or become guides to the lower in those moral duties of the present life which best fit men for happiness in another. Indeed, it is a well-known fact, that ever since Maynooth was established, the characters of the Roman Catholic clergy in Ireland, and their influence for good, have steadily deteriorated. We are old enough to remember the Romish priests of the old school, men of good families and liberal views, who, trained at some of the foreign universities, most of them at Douay in France, brought back with them to their pastoral office at home, not only the manners, but the feelings and desires of well-bred gentlemen. Not one of them now remains. Mr. Pitt's horror of republican principles, having been barely strong enough to come between the Irish gentry and the foreign education of which we are speaking, gave them Maynooth in its room, and so stinted the gift, that it ceased to have value in the eyes of any except the sons of the peasantry. It was a charge against Jeroboam, who "made Israel to sin," that he "took of the lowest of the people, and made them priests of God." The selfsame accusation lies against the founders and supporters of Maynooth up to the present time; for verily the priests which go forth from that seminary have all been taken from the very lowest of the people.

And here the question arises, how far has Sir Robert Peel judged wisely in continuing to Maynooth a monopoly, so to speak, of the education of young men designed for the service of the Romish church in Ireland? If Maynooth was to be continued at all, the wisdom of largely increasing the grant for its maintenance does not admit of a doubt. But the real problem to be solved is, why should this seminary be kept up? Doubtless there are good reasons for this, of which we are ignorant. Probably the minister, having made up his mind to do a gracious thing, put a further re-

straint upon his own wishes, in order that it might be done with as much grace as possible. And, if it be true that the Roman Catholics of Ireland prefer the present to any other arrangement that could have been made, there is an end, we presume, to all argument on the subject. But these are points which we do not find ourselves bound to take for granted; and, therefore, heartily going along with him in the *animus* by which he is swayed, we feel ourselves at liberty to doubt the wisdom of the minister's actual proceedings.

If we Protestants be right in our belief that men continue Papists only through ignorance and prejudice, it surely seems to follow that we should desire as much as possible to communicate to them the knowledge which they lack, and to overcome their prejudices. Now the obvious method of accomplishing this end is to make them as much as possible sharers in our own system of education. We do not mean to argue that, either in England or in Ireland, it could be desirable, or even just, to throw open to Roman Catholics, or Dissenters of any kind, the endowments of our colleges, which are, by their constitution, inseparably connected with the Established Church. But why there should not be in Great Britain, as there is in Prussia, universities with mixed faculties, wherein men of both creeds might pursue their general studies together, going to their respective professors of theology for theological instruction, is what we have never been able to comprehend. Let us not be misunderstood. The English universities have so completely departed from the spirit, and, indeed, the form, in which they were founded, that to append to either a seminary wherein members of the church of Rome might pursue their studies, is impossible. But the same objection does not apply to Dublin, far less to any new university which government might found, and pious individuals foster, in other parts of Ireland. And we frankly confess, that the adoption of some plan of the sort would have been more acceptable to us than that on which the minister seems to have determined in regard to Maynooth.

At the same time, we do not condemn an arrangement of which we cannot see all the bearings, or even the sources. If it be true, for example, as we know is asserted, that by the terms of the act of Union the government is bound to support Maynooth, then has Sir Robert Peel come to a wise determination, in adding to the amount of the grant annually made to it. But was he likewise bound to keep it precisely as he found it? Could he not, even now, add a Protestant college to the college as it exists—giving to both higher privileges, and placing both upon a better footing?

So much for deeds actually done. We have, under a tory government, recognized the Church of Rome in Ireland as a church. We speak no more of ministers of the Romish persuasion; but, in commissions issued from the crown, address ourselves to "The Most Reverend Archbishop Murray," and "The Right Reverend Bishop."

Again: We pass an act of parliament whereby pious individuals professing the Romish faith are empowered to endow benefices, and build Roman Catholic places of worship, at their pleasure. Thus an end is put to that fiction in law which denied the existence of the Church of Rome within these kingdoms. So far from prohibiting the Romish clergy to officiate in public, we permit them to become bodies corporate; and, like our

own vicars and rectors, to hold property as corporations whole, so long as time shall last. Moreover, if we do not negotiate directly with the pope, we give a sanction to the promulgation of one of his bulls in this our Protestant realm; and very much rejoice to find that it enjoins on the Romish clergy that, which all our laws failed to command—an abstinence from political agitation, and the steady devotion of their time and talents to the duties of their calling. And, lastly, that other symptoms of change may not be wanting, the head of the party which so long resisted emancipation proposes a grant of many thousands annually for the better education of Roman Catholic priests; and, if not cheered, is certainly not turned round upon or denounced by the party for having done so.

Are we annoyed at all this? Do we blame it? By no means. Sir Robert Peel is pursuing, according to our poor judgment, the only course which holds out a prospect of peace for Ireland, and, as a necessary consequence, for the United Kingdom. He is acting justly towards the majority, and with exceeding policy towards the minority, of the population of Ireland. But we acknowledge, nevertheless, that we are on a rapid descent on the hill-side, and that our nerves are somewhat shaken by it. Who will undertake to give a pledge, that in ten years, or twenty at the most, the Roman Catholic Church shall not be established in Ireland? Be it so. This is the risk. And, if it do come, we must try to make the best of it. But we are not at all disposed to say that it *must* come.

And now let us look a little to other matters. It is not in regard to churches and to the education of the people alone that the wheel is going round. It seems to us that the financial system of the country is in the balance. Formerly, men's theory was, that indirect taxation was greatly preferable to direct taxation. We may be wrong; but we fancy that this notion is, with many others, getting out of date; and, on the whole, perhaps properly so.

The income-tax has been reprieved for three years; and, that no doubt may remain touching the minister's design of desiring a further renewal, when these three years shall have expired, an amended tariff keeps pace with the arrangement, and trade is set free from a great many more of its shackles. Export duties are to be levied no more. Raw cotton, and other elements of manufacture, are to enter our ports duty free; and glass, and we know not how many *fabriques* besides, rejoice in an exemption from taxation. Sugar, also, one of the great necessities of life to the poor, is to be so lightened, that it shall pass from the grocer's shop into the cups of the consumers at something about one penny farthing per pound cheaper than it used to be. And the grand result is, that the trade of the country is to be relieved from the pressure of three millions of annual taxation, for which the income-tax, though taken at five millions, will, according to the estimated expenditure for the ensuing year, barely compensate, with a trifling balance in favor of the exchequer of ninety or a hundred thousand pounds.

The minister has not said, of course, that at the termination of three years he will certainly propose a further prolongation of the income-tax. On the contrary, he cheers the house with the same sort of assurance that he gave them three years ago, namely, that whenever the finances of

the country will bear it, he shall remit the tax ; and that, perhaps, the increased facilities afforded to commerce may enable him to gratify both himself and the country in this way three years hence. We quite believe him. We do not doubt that, if it were possible to maintain the public credit, and keep the wheel of government going without the imposition of taxes of any kind, Sir Robert Peel would propose their total abolition. But this is not possible, neither is it at all probable that trade can take such a start within three years, as to bring in, by means of the reduced duties, an increase of five millions sterling to the treasury. Our chances of getting rid of the income-tax through the operation of ordinary causes seems, therefore, to us to be small indeed. But supposing these causes to operate, and the returns from the customs and excise to go beyond their former productiveness to the amount of five millions, or more, is it therefore certain that the income-tax shall cease ? We think not. Manufacturers and trading gentlemen generally resemble, in more ways than one, the monster in the tale of *Vathek*, who though fed with little children, never seemed to get his belly full. If reductions in duties to the amount of three millions add so much to their gains that they can afford to pay five millions for them, how much will they not gain provided the three-million reduction become six ? Besides, though four hundred and thirty articles be exempt, there remain still four hundred, and more, to be released in like manner. Will not the tea-merchant assert, and with reason, that he has the same claim to consideration with the sugar-merchant ? And are we to put out of view altogether the corn-merchant, the most oppressed of all importers—at least, in the opinion of the League ? Surely not. Surely, this experiment, if it prove as successful as the last, will lead to another, and another, till the brightest dream of the economist is realized, and trade left free to find its own level, unbolstered by protecting duties on the one hand, and unshackled by drawbacks and restrictive impositions on the other.

Once more, therefore, we cannot disguise from ourselves, that the carriage is rushing down the pass at a tremendous rate. Not that we object either to the pace or the position. The former, though rapid, will carry us the sooner through our perils ; the latter, though beset with some dangers, has a considerable touch of security in it too, and we will tell our readers where to look for it.

The evident tendency of the new system of taxation (for a new system has arisen, and will be carried out vigorously) is to relieve, as much as possible, the poorer classes, and to lay the burden upon the richer. All *direct* taxation seeks this end, provided it do not degenerate into a poll-tax : for to tax property is to tax directly : and, even if there were no line beneath which the tax-gatherer were forbidden to go, the heavy end of the property-tax must, in the very nature of things, be borne by such as possess the largest share of this world's goods. And he who cannot perceive that the present government is gradually substituting direct for indirect taxes must be very short-sighted indeed. So far, therefore, we think that the minister deserves both approval and support. And though the views which we are disposed to take of the operations of an income, as contradistinguished from a property-tax, may not, perhaps, prove popular, we shall not, therefore, hesitate to give them.

The objections to the present device are, that it operates unfairly ; that it exacts as much from the annuitant and the professional man as from the landed proprietor or the fundholder ; and that, in regard to men in trade, the inquisitorial nature of the surveillance to which they are liable is intolerable ; and that, after all, the grossest injustice prevails both for and against the tax-payer. We do not think that anybody has objected seriously to the standard, as the legislature has settled it. Persons worth barely 150*l.* a-year are generally of opinion that 200*l.* would have been a better line ; but there is a sort of suspicion on our minds that if 200*l.* had been taken, the same argument would have held—ay, and been repeated at 400*l.* and 500*l.*, and perhaps 1000*l.* We will conclude, therefore, that the 150*l.* line is a fair one ; and so address ourselves to the matter in dispute between income and property.

And here, the first question which occurs to us is, what do men mean by property ? If you and I possess each ten thousand pounds, and you, being a man of moderate wishes, invest your capital in the funds, or the purchase of land ; while I, envious of higher things, go to Manchester, and purchase a mill, and become a manufacturer, does it therefore follow that my property ceases to be property because it makes thrice the return that yours does ? and would it be fair, while you paid three per cent. on your three hundred a-year to the state, that I should pay nothing on my twelve hundred ? The truth is, that the capital which men embark in trade is not only property, in every sense of the term, as much as the moneyed man's money and the landed proprietor's land, but it is that which theirs is not—improvable property, accumulative property—property that goes on increasing itself, and therefore of twice the worth of theirs, even at the outset. True, the merchant and trader have many risks to encounter ; for, though a wealthy man to-day, he may be a beggar to-morrow. But whose doing is this ? He prefers the risk of loss and the chance of gain to the quiet of repose. Is he, therefore, a fit subject for exemption from those burdens which the necessities of the state impose upon its subjects ?

No, it will be said ; but, in truth, merchants and traders seldom know what they are worth. Their returns may be great for awhile ; but, supposing circumstances to arise which shall induce them to wind up the concern, it may come to pass, not only that their incomes are terribly diminished, but that they find it impossible to realize even the amount of capital which they brought with them originally to the concern. Is it fair, then, to tax them from year to year upon an income which has no more solid foundation to rest upon than luck or the current of trade ?

We really think that it is quite fair. Subject they doubtless are to all the contingencies that are here enumerated, but they are not the only classes of persons whom contingencies of the sort affect. A fall in the funds would reduce the property of the fund-holder ; to a less extent, perhaps, but still sufficiently so to place him, in regard to principle, on the same footing with the trader. And, as to land, the frequency with which, within the last thirty years, it has changed its owners, and the prodigious fluctuations in value to which it has been liable, show that not even when standing on our own dirty aeres can we tell, within many thousand pounds, what we are worth. The only difference, indeed, between us and the merchant is,

that while we can, he cannot always leave his business to his children, or keep it from breaking down in his own hands. But, so far as regards the returns which it makes to him on his capital, it must be a very poor business, indeed, if it do not pay a better interest than either the three per cents or the very best of the marsh lands in Lincolnshire or the Isle of Ely. Besides, in proportion to the diminution of the incomes of both, the tax-gatherer's demand becomes less startling; and if, unfortunately, we sink below the line of 150*l.* we shall both of us become exempt altogether.

Well, but the very existence of a trader may depend upon the maintenance of his credit; and hence your prying tax compels him, in very many instances, to pay for a larger income than he receives. Or if he be a thorough-paced curmudgeon, he will make his returns as small as he can, and so cheat the state, while he cultivates habits of falsehood and knavery in his own bosom.

Both propositions are admitted; but what then? The legislature cannot help either result. If men are so dishonest as to describe themselves to be that which they are not, what power on earth is there to prevent it? For he who makes a false return in order to bolster up a failing credit deserves to pay for his whistle; indeed, the chances are that, in his case, the law is doing good to many, inasmuch as it is hurrying forward a crisis which cannot come too soon. The bane of this, and of all other commercial countries, is the readiness with which men, virtually insolvent, are kept above water till they contrive to drag down hundreds with them. We cannot pay the smallest heed to men who wilfully represent themselves to be in a flourishing condition when they know that they are on the eve of bankruptcy. And as to your curmudgeon, the fact that he is able to cheat the tax-gatherer, even if it be at the expense of his personal honor, proves that the law is neither so inquisitorial, nor so inflexible as it is generally represented to be. But this is not all.

The opponents of the income-tax have no objection to impose burdens upon realized property. They object only to an arrangement which treats the uncertain profits of trade and life-incomes as if they were of equal value with the rents of land or half-yearly dividends. We admit that, if you look to the individuals, neither a profession which brings annually a thousand pounds, nor a business which clears as much, is half so desirable as a landed estate or a capital invested in the three per cents, each of which makes a similar return. But the state, we apprehend, cannot view the matter in this light. The object of all governments is to preserve order and to afford adequate protection to the life and property of the subject. Now order and good government are doubtless necessary to the quiet enjoyment by the land-owner of his rents, and by the fund-owner of his dividends. But are they not, at least, as necessary to the merchant and the professional man? Nay, are not the two latter more dependent on good government by far than the two former? Suppose the machine of state to get out of order. Such a result seldom arrives in a day; but suppose the symptoms of a revolution to become so manifest that nobody can avoid to notice them, who is in the worse plight then, the land-owner or the merchant, the professional man or the fund-owner? Surely the merchant and the professional man. Landed estates have survived many revolutions, and continued in the families of their ancient proprietors. The prudent fund-owner, when he sees the storm com-

ing, will sell out, at a great loss doubtless, but still for something, and withdraw with the wreck of his property to some better land. But what becomes of the merchant and the professional man? The former is beggared at once; the latter finds that his clients, or patients, or parishioners, as the case may be, have something else to do with their money than to pay his tithes or fees. And so he finds himself suddenly, though a man of consummate talent and enterprise, cast out into the street. We think, then, that merchants and professional men, when they complain of the injustice of an income-tax, are forgetful of the one great purpose for which all taxation is imposed. They do not take into account that of the various classes of society they stand the most in need of the protection which a good government affords, and that to grumble because they are requested to contribute equally with other classes towards its maintenance is to show themselves not very grateful for the protection which they enjoy.

Again, one obvious consequence of the remission of the tax on income, and the substitution in its room of a tax on realized property, would be that the amount of realized property in this country would diminish from day to day. Who would keep his capital locked up in the funds in order that a percentage from it might be applied to the uses of the state, while all who chose to embark theirs in speculation or trade were excepted from the impost? Land, to be sure, must remain; and if you think it just to tax land, and not to tax the profits of cotton mills and Chinese adventures, the land must pay. But the price of stocks will very soon tumble down under such a system to the lowest figure, inasmuch as every holder that can, will realize his property, and, should things come to the worst, purchase with it Pennsylvanian bonds; that is, supposing the drab men to have the effrontery to bring any more of their waste-paper into the money-market. The obvious consequence of a tax on realized property, to the exemption of mere income, from whatever source derived, would therefore be extreme confusion in the money-market, and an eager rushing by all classes into trade, out of which would come national disgrace and universal beggary.

It appears, then, to us that, having fairly changed his system, having seen the exact point beyond which indirect taxation could not be carried, having had the boldness to avow this, and to shape his plans accordingly, Sir Robert Peel has entered upon the one course which held out a prospect of permanent security to the throne and to the great institutions of the country. For his income-tax is sure to become more and more productive, in proportion as the trade and commerce of the empire extend. We will venture to predict that the effect of the removal of the duty on glass alone will be to set up scores of glass manufactures, each of which will turn out a profitable concern, and by the tax on its profits add to the surplus of the next year's revenue. And as to the weaving and working up of cotton, and the impulse that is about to be given to the sugar-trade, we cannot speak in terms too sanguine as to our anticipations concerning them. Moreover, we feel that we are yet only in the beginning of things. Other indirect taxes will go; and, through the relief which their removal affords, we shall not feel the weight of the income-tax, though we may marvel to behold how, from year to year, it goes on increasing in its productiveness.

One argument more there is in favor of the new

system, which has probably occurred, ere we particularize it, to most of our readers. There is no kind of tax so easy of collection—so little expensive to the state—so little dangerous to public morals, as an income-tax. Falling as it does upon persons in a certain station of life, you have a right to assume that they will make, for the most part, an honest declaration of their means, and pay without—or not, perhaps, without reluctance—but certainly without equivocation, as the seasons of payment come round. A body of collectors, comparatively small in point of numbers, will get the whole in; and a moderate percentage on the sums collected will repay them for their trouble. Whereas customs and excise not only require whole armies of officers to do their bidding, but are the fruitful sources of dishonesty, sometimes of violence, in many quarters. We cannot hope that the day will ever arrive, when we shall be able to pay the public creditor, and defray the ordinary expenses of the state, without both customs and excise. But the less we depend upon them for the realization of the revenue the better it will be for the moral as well as the physical well-being of the masses, who, being less able to resist temptation than their superiors, ought, by a wise government, to be more guarded from its influence.

If we have succeeded in making our meaning plain, the readers of *Regina* will understand that, in our humble opinion, the whole frame-work of society in this country is in a state of transition. The changes proposed seem, moreover, to be good in many respects; and the manner in which they are conducted is both considerate and wise. We shall have no revolution; no more nonsense about People's Charters, Parliamentary Reform, Repeal of the Union, and suchlike; but a gradual though steady settling down of old tory opinions and prejudices, and a thorough alteration in matters, both civil and ecclesiastical, which, twenty years ago, were supposed to be immovable as the hills. We are content to abide the issue; and, though somewhat dizzy, as we have more than once taken occasion to observe, full of hope that we shall yet reach the plain, without any damage to our horses, ourselves, or even hurt to the carriage.

From the Colonial Magazine.

AN EXCURSION TO A CACAO OR CHOCOLATE PLANTATION IN THE WEST INDIES.

SOME years back, while residing in the town of Port-of-Spain, the capital of the island of Trinidad, one fine morning at daylight, which begins there a little after five, I mounted my hardy Venezuelan pony, and started off at a brisk canter, for the purpose of spending a few days with my excellent and esteemed friend, the mayor-domo or manager of Reconocimiento cacao, or chocolate plantation, situate about twenty miles off, in the heights of the quarter or district of Arauca. I had despatched my gun and portmanteau, on the day before, by a trusty black. After a smart and delightful ride of nearly two hours along an excellent road, having handsome sugar-plantations on both sides of it, I arrived at an establishment called "The Pens," a sort of better half-way house, on the road to Reconocimiento, about fourteen miles from Port-of-Spain, at the foot of the northern range of mountains of Trinidad, and on their southern side. This place was a dependency of the plantation for which I was bound, and consisted of a few acres of land

in pasture and of the house, which was a very good and commodious one of two stories, having large store-rooms in the lower one, which served as a dépôt for the produce from the estate above, until it should be forwarded to market in the town. As there was good shooting along my road, I resolved to leave my pony here until my return, and proceed on foot. Having six miles farther to travel, and that entirely through woods and precipitous mountains, an excellent cup of *cajé-au-lait*, and some American cracker-biscuits with plenty of fresh butter—the latter being a great rarity in the island—I found most acceptable. This first breakfast over, I clad myself in my shooting habiliments, and struck into the woods by a narrow path, the only one to the plantation, and which could only be used as a bridle-and-foot one. I went alone, for the way was familiar to me from having been several times before along it. I shall not stop here to describe the grandeur of the Arauca forests; suffice it to state, that they are composed of nature's choicest selection of tree and shrub, among which a variety of animals roam, and numerous birds of varied hue and plumage, worthy of such a dwelling, abide and disport. I wended my way leisurely, now bringing down a brace of parrots from a flock of those noisy creatures, as they would clamorously fly across, or sit feeding among the branches above my head. At another time, diverging a little from my path, enticed by their cooing, I would bag a scallop-necked pigeon, or a mountain dove. While in quest of an agouti, or Indian rabbit, which I had espied not far off, I shot a prehensile porcupine, which required a second and a third shot to bring it down, so fast did it cling to a branch with its tail. A herd of pecaries or wild hogs crossed me at too great a distance for destruction; but a brace of pawies, which are a sort of wild turkey, I succeeded in adding to my stock of game. The road was exceedingly rich in the picturesque. It was, as it were, a kind of forest-clad *Bolan*-pass, for the most part; now crossing a deep ravine, presently ascending and winding along a ledge affording hardly room to proceed even with the greatest caution, and anon leading across a roaring torrent, and then a gentle stream, while innumerable shrill-toned birds and cricketing insects, drowning the laments of the plaintive dove, lent to the feelings of romance which were raised by the ever-varying locality.

I at length reached the plantation. Reconocimiento, (in English, *Gratitude*,) like the lovely but rare virtue which its name represents, bursts suddenly and brightly upon one's view, when at last found, and not the less so from its being unexpected. On coming thus suddenly upon it, it has the appearance of one vast forest-orchard, if I may make use of the term, planted in the space formed by a hollow between two mountains, which have here receded a good deal more than they are wont to do at any other point. It is placed in what the West Indians term a punch-bowl—a designation which will give one a very good idea of its situation, if he supplies to it, in his mind's eye, the mouth of a milk-pot at two of its sides, to serve as an entrance on the one and an exit on the other. The mountains rise to, I should suppose, nearly 1,500 feet above the level of the cultivation, which is itself nearly 1000 feet above the level of the sea. One's sensations on reaching this calm and lovely spot, after a rugged and toilsome, although exciting, journey of six miles, are pleasurable in the extreme. The place appeared to me, on my first

visit to it, to be an earthly paradise, which the rugged and difficult nature of much of the road to it from below, had well prepared me to appreciate to its full.

I soon gained the dwelling-house of my kind host, which is a few hundred yards only from the commencement of the plantation. It was now about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, when I found him anxiously awaiting me, to partake with him a sumptuous second breakfast, or *tiffin*, as they call it in the East Indies, in which part of the world he had been. Having deposited my game with the cook, I was introduced to the doctor of the plantation, who had, like myself, come on a visit, although his was one of profit as well as pleasure. This son of Esculapius was not only a most agreeable companion, but could wield and thrust a boar-spear almost as well as flourish the spatula, or dart the lancet. I did that justice to an ample spread, which no one but a pedestrian ever realizes in its fullest extent; the viands were both exotic and indigenous. A piece of roasted peccary flesh stood opposed to a cold ham of its near congener, the domestic swine; while curried fowl, and crayfish stewed in claret, flanked them. I need not say that the beverage of the gods was there—theobroma, chocolate of excellent flavor—and left us nothing to desire.

I shall not trouble the reader with any further account of several days most agreeably spent on Reconocimiento. What with hunting the peccary, shooting, fishing, bathing, and ranging through the delightful groves of the plantation, and occasionally lending a hand to the laborers, in helping them to pick the cacao fruit from the trees, I spent a most delightfully recreative sojourn. I shall now describe the estate in all particulars.

Reconocimiento is one of the largest cacao establishments in Trinidad. Its immediate cultivation, or that part of it which is actually planted, occupies a *vega** or bottom of land nearly a mile in length, and rather more than a quarter of a mile in breadth, the ground, however, having a sufficient declivity from the foot of the mountains—which, as I said before, almost entirely hem it in—to secure its perfect natural drainage into a rivulet, which, gently meandering through it, divides it into two slightly unequal parts. There were about 30,000 cacao-trees growing on this space and some newly-planted land on the adjacent hill-side, and the produce of the estate, when I visited it, ranged from 1,000 to 1,200 fanegas of cacao, each fanega being a sack containing 150 lbs. It employed, as far as I recollect, forty effective slaves. This would give, at the rate of ten Spanish dollars per fanega, which was the then price, a gross return of from 10,000 to 12,000 dollars per annum, which, after a deduction of one-third for expenses, leaves a clear return, in round numbers, of from 6,500 to 8,000 dollars, equal to £1,300 English sterling money, in the first, and £1,500 in the second case. The profits of a cacao estate at Trinidad may be imagined to have been very great about the year 1816, a great many years before the time of my visit, when it is considered that the produce was then selling for as much as 25 dollars the fanega, more than double the price I speak of. In fact, to begin my account, *ab ovo*, Reconocimiento owes its existence to that very high price. It was originally reclaimed from the

forest by an old Spanish military officer, who, finding it difficult to carry on the war on a sugar-plantation which he possessed at the foot of the mountains below, and enticed by the magnificently handsome profits which the undertaking promised, achieved his views in the following manner:—

While the Spanish limbs of the law were pressing him in front of his old plantation, with their formal and tardy approaches, intent upon possessing and sacking it, like a wily and experienced old engineer-officer, as he was, he with great circumspection quietly withdrew, and retired up the valley in his rear. He succeeded, after much toil, in making an unperceived retreat with all his baggage, and ensconcing himself on the spot of his new hopes. The enemy fired a due quantity of petitions, replications, surrejoinders, and other legal shot, and having expended a great deal of breath in their war of words, were at last allowed to enter the gates of the citadel, consisting, at this stage of matters, of some falling buildings, and an old rusty sugar-mill on some worn-out land! Out of *gratitude* for his deliverance, the old man gave his new habitation its present name.

The whole of Reconocimiento, with the exception of a few acres of land towards its centre, and devoid of vegetation, may be described as being one entire forest, in no way distinguishable from the surrounding one but by the peculiarity of the cacao-trees themselves, and the tall erythrimas which serve to afford them shade and shelter. The space of unplanted land mentioned above, is in the form of a square, which is occupied, on part of two of its sides, by a most commodious dwelling-house, by the manager's and the overseer's house, and by the buildings requisite for drying and housing the produce; while, upon part of the opposite side, are the huts of the laborers, so contrived, by being screened behind foliage, as not to be perceived from the opposite buildings. With the exception of this square, in all other parts of the property, one is secluded in a delightful, almost impenetrable, shade. It will be sufficient to say, that all the buildings, as to situation, comfort and convenience, are such as were to be expected from one who could so ably and judiciously select the spot for this fine plantation.

In the rear of the dwelling-house there is a beautiful garden, consisting principally of flowers; but in it I perceived the English strawberry-plant, growing luxuriously, without, however, producing any fruit, which, I suppose, proceeded from a want of knowledge of the proper mode of cultivating it, as the temperature of the place is low enough to allow of its bearing tolerably. I here found the nights absolutely so cold as to disturb my sleep towards morning, although I used the covering of a blanket, in addition to the usual linen sheet of the West Indies. As far as I could judge, in the absence of a thermometer, the temperature must have ranged from 65° to 70° Fahrenheit, during the greater part of the night; in the middle of the day it was, I should think, 80° in the shade. No doubt, it is at times somewhat lower. At Port-of-Spain, which is on a level with, and close to the sea, the heat is generally about 77° during the night, and 84° during the day, in the shade, subject to slight fluctuations. Any one, however, curious enough to leave his bed at three or four o'clock in the morning, may, even at Port-of-Spain, in the months of January and February, observe the thermometer as low as 70°. The doctor informed me that Reconocimiento was remarkably healthy,

* *Vega* lands are rich flat lands, principally of alluvial soil, situated between a river and a mountain, and receiving the washings of the latter.

and that malignant fevers, such as occur in the low lands, were there unknown.

The cacao, or chocolate-tree, is known to botanists by the generic name of *Theobroma*, signifying, in the Greek language, food for a god; a name which was bestowed upon it by Linnaeus, to mark his opinion of the excellent quality of its seeds. Benjoni, however, who travelled in the sixteenth century, formed a very different estimate of its merits, and declared that chocolate was a drink "fitter for a pig than a man;" an opinion for which nothing but gross ignorance could account, so totally false and absurd is it. I know it to be good for both; and not the less so for man, because it is exceedingly fattening for the swinish fraternity. There are three species of the *Theobroma*—the *Theobroma cacao*, of which I am now treating; the *Theobroma Gujanensis*, and the *Theobroma bicolor*; this genus belongs to the class *Polyadelphia*, and to the order *Pentagynia*. The sort under consideration is produced by a tree seldom rising above the height of twenty feet; it is equal in size to an orange-tree, and its leaves are large, oblong, and pointed. Herrera, the historian, compares the leaves with those of the chestnut-tree; but there is very little, if any, resemblance. The whole tree more resembles the cherry-tree than any other I can compare it with, the leaves, however, being infinitely larger than those of that plant. The flowers, which are small, and of a pale red color, spring from the large branches, and also from the trunk; they are succeeded by oval-pointed pods, grooved like a melon, and, indeed, not unlike that fruit, although the cacao-pod is smaller in girth than the melon. They contain a white pithy substance, which is of a sweetish, but sickeningly mawkish and disagreeable taste, and surrounds numerous seeds: these are the cacao of commerce. These seeds are oval-formed, and about as large as a moderate-sized almond-kernel, but not so slender; they are, internally, of a dark brown color, approaching to dun, and are covered with a thin skin or husk, of a light reddish-brown color. The nuts are very numerous, but vary in this respect, some pods containing as many as fifty, while others do not yield more than twenty seeds; they are, as is well known, of a very oily nature. The tree produces fruit twice a year, or rather its principal bearings are two, although it may be said to be never altogether without some pods on it. The trees are raised from seed, which is sown, in the first instance, in nurseries, shaded by the plantain or banana-tree. They are then transplanted in straight lines, so as to make a cross, or quincunx, formed by the junction of the apices of two triangles, or are arranged in the form of squares. The distance of the trees from each other is about fourteen feet in good soil, and about twelve in that which is inferior. Much nicety and judgment are necessary in selecting a soil and situation appropriate to this kind of produce. The Spaniards, who are the principal growers of cacao at Trinidad, do not trust to the results of analysis, to the color, or to any character or quality, except that derived from the luxuriance of the trees growing on it. The exposure should not be to the north, and the situation should be on the banks of a river, from which the benefits of irrigation may be derived when the seasons are too dry, and against any sudden overflow of which there are sufficient safeguards. A piece of land having been chosen, it is cleared of

all the natural vegetation. This is effected in several ways; but the most common is to cut down the wood, allow it to dry, very thoroughly, and then to burn it off. The plantation is then drained, and, if necessary, small trenches are cut so as to carry off all superabundant moisture; when all this was done, the land is ready to receive the cacao plants.

It is peculiarly necessary to defend this tree from the scorching rays of the sun, and at the same time sufficient warmth should be afforded to secure the vegetation. This is done by planting it, as before stated, with the plantain-tree and the erythrina, which answer all the objects desired. The cacao plants which are transplanted should not exceed three feet in height; where they are larger, they are less manageable, and more apt to die. The nurseries of the cacao require very fine land, well dressed, and free from wet. They should be sheltered from the sun. Small heaps of earth are collected, into which two seeds of the cacao are set; for the first twenty-four hours the heaps are covered with plantain-leaves. The ground is watered, if necessary, but no water is allowed to remain on it. The period best suited to this operation is in the month of November. When the two seeds in each heap have germinated, the weakest plant is destroyed, to give greater vigor to the remaining one. The plantain-trees should be carefully cut down when they become old, lest in their fall they should injure the cacao-trees. By the time the plantain-trees are cut down, the erythrina-tree, which is called by the Spaniards, French, and English by the respective names of *madre-del-cacao*, *bois-immortel*, and *coral* tree, has attained, from its rapid growth, a sufficient height to protect the cacao plant, and in five or six years becomes a lofty tree, affording a congenial shade to its protégée, which begins to bear fruit when three years old, and comes to perfection in about fifteen years, at which time it is from ten to fourteen feet in height.

It may be inquired why this particular plant is used to protect the cacao, in preference to any other. It is chosen on account of its affording the most agreeable covering. The cacao-tree, to prosper, although requiring little sun and light, yet, like all other plants, must have the exact quantum which its peculiar nature calls for. Other trees would afford it either too much or too little, but the erythrina seems to have been formed by nature as the maternal guardian of it, capable of ministering to all its exigencies, for which it is required, no doubt, by some hidden service to itself. There are two kinds of erythrina, one smooth, and the other prickly, both of which are used for the above purpose. It grows to the height of more than sixty feet, and its foliage is delicate and sparse, and of a light-green color. It entirely drops its leaves towards the end of the dry season, about the end of March or beginning of April, and then becomes covered with flowers of a bright crimson, and shaped like a cimiter. At this season, an extensive plain covered with cacao-plantations, is a magnificent object when viewed from a height. The far-stretching forests of Erythrina present then the appearance of being clothed on the summit with flames, the fresh north-east trade-wind adding to the illusion, as it sweeps over their tops in apparent fleecy clouds of smoke. I must not omit to mention that a plantation of cacao has many enemies; deer, a small kind of

which are exceedingly plentiful at Trinidad, and squirrels and birds, are often very destructive to both tree and fruit.

Cacao is prepared for market in the following manner: the pod having been gathered from the tree by the hand, or by means of a hooked pole, where that mode is impracticable, from the branches being too high, it is collected into large heaps on the ground, and allowed to soften, or sweat, as it is termed by the planters, for three or four days. The pods are then opened, by means of a longitudinal cut, with a strong knife or bill, called a cacao-knife, or bill, and the seeds and pulp extracted with the fingers, and thrown into another heap, where the mass is allowed to sweat for two or three weeks more. At the end of this period, fermentation has loosened the seeds from their pulpy bed, when they are easily separated from it, and taken to the drying-house in baskets. The nuts are now daily spread in the sun upon a large cemented, or sometimes only carefully swept, esplanade, in front of the drying-house, where they are turned frequently and carefully, during the day; at night, they are again housed. The drying house is furnished with large trays, in which the cacao is received during the process of drying, and which can be run out at ports in the side of the building, when the uncertainty of the weather may render that plan advisable. The operation of drying is continued for about three weeks, more or less, according to the favorable or unfavorable state of the weather, when the nuts become sufficiently dry, and are packed for sale and shipment. Coarse bags, made of Oznaburgs sacking, having been prepared, each large enough to contain a fanega in weight, they are filled with the produce, which is now ready to be conveyed to market, in Port-of-Spain, on mules' backs, or in carts, as the nature of the roads will admit, where it is usually immediately sold, and shipped for Europe, as it is an article which deteriorates by keeping.

The cacao-tree is cultivated to a considerable extent in South and Central America; but, in the former country, by no means to the great extent that it was before the Declaration of Independence from the mother country, by its several republics. It is grown with great attention, and to a very large extent, in Mexico, where, Humboldt tells us, it was extensively reared, so far back as the time of Montezuma, and whence, it is supposed by him, to have been transplanted into the other former dependencies of the Spanish monarchy; an opinion which one may be allowed not to coincide in with that great man, since it has been ascertained by more recent travellers, that excellent cacao is to be found growing wild in the forests of the interior of British Guiana. The names whereby the plant, and the confection prepared from its seeds, are recognized at the present time, are, indeed, both derived from the Mexican language, a circumstance which might have been imagined to favor the supposition, but which of itself, obviously, is entitled to little weight. The tree is called by that people, *cacava quahuitl*, the meaning of which I do not know, but which, in all probability, on reference to a vocabulary of the Mexican tongue, by those curious enough to do so, will be found to be descriptive of the nature or use of the plant. The confection, and the drink made with it, are termed *chocolatl*, a name which I am fortunate enough to know the origin of, with pretty certain accuracy. *Choco* is the Mexican-Indian word descriptive of a thick sound, such as is produced by beating or stir-

ring a thick liquid; and *latl* means drink, or beverage; so that the entire word, which suits the sense to the sound, exactly comes up to what we mean by a milled-drink, and what, in the West Indies, is yclept, (although, however, in a more *spirited* practice,) "swizzle." But, should my friends be not satisfied with this verbal analysis, let them agree that the first component of the word is the name of the province of Choco, in Mexico, where chocolate was first most used as an article of food, of meat and drink. In the time of the Aztec kings, the seeds of the cacao were made use of as money in Mexico, a use to which they are still turned in some parts of it, the smaller seeds being employed for the purpose. The lowest denomination of coined money current in Mexico is a silver coin called a real, which is of the value of about fivepence; and, as there must arise many petty transactions of business to a lower amount, the convenience of these seeds, about sixty of which are reckoned as of the value of a real, must needs be very great. The best cacao is produced in the province of Soconusco, in Mexico, but the produce there is so small, that it barely supplies the people of property in that country, for which reason very little is sent to Europe, where that little brings an exorbitant price. The second kind in point of goodness, is that of Machala, Ironcoso, and Motoria, in the state of Guatemala; the fourth, that grown on the banks of the river Magdalena, in the republic of New Granada; the fifth, that of the island of Trinidad, and of which I now treat; the sixth, that of Caraccas, in the republic of Venezuela; and the seventh, that of Guayaquil. Europe, during the dominion of Spain over them, was chiefly supplied from the abundant crops of the two last places, but since their independence, a comparatively small quantity is exported by them. Trinidad now furnishes a large portion of the demand.

There are, besides the modern ones, several treatises on cacao and chocolate, which are curious and learned, by Bartholomew Marradon, who was a doctor of Marchena; Antonio Colmenero, of Ecija; and Dr. Philip Silvester Du Four. All of these authors agree in giving to chocolate, and all the other preparations from the cacao, a very high character for the possession of great nutritive qualities. I have myself personally used it a great deal, watching most narrowly its effects upon my system, and have always found in it a most wholesome, nourishing, and delicious refreshment, qualities which some have denied it, in their crude, captious, or fanciful attempts to decry it: the more it is used, with a real intention and spirit to allow one's palate and digestion to be their own unbiassed judges, the more will it be appreciated. Foreigners know how to value it; why should not Englishmen do so to its full extent, except the reason be found in John Bull's old character for hesitation, in not adopting novelties, until the rest of Europe have almost got tired of them.

In conclusion, we recommend the Trinidadians and other West Indians who have investments in plantations of it, to stick to their cacao, for it is an easy, light, and gentlemanly culture and occupation, which a man could enact in pumps and silk stockings, and that without spoiling his complexion; although its price be not too encouraging; it is not one third of what it was in 1816. But, would it not be wise in them to represent their sufferings to the powers that be, in Downing-street, a little more frequently and energetically

than they seem yet to have done? Has the quaffing of theobroma in the West Indies the same effect on gods and men there, in making them oblivious of their interests, as Lethean sources too often produce in higher regions, as respects the claims of large bodies of suffering men? Let the planters mind their game, and cacao will yet turn up as a large trump.

From the *Lancet.*

ON PRUSSIC ACID AS A POISON.

SEVERAL cases have lately been painfully brought before the public attention, in which prussic acid has been used for the purposes of suicide and of murder; the first feeling excited is that of surprise that the sale of so terrible a poison should be so unrestrictedly allowed; unless for some improper purpose, it can scarcely ever be required by the non-professional man, and the danger and skill demanded for its preparation would be some safeguard against its manufacture by any but chemists. The plea under which it is generally obtained is to destroy some animal; but the instantaneousness of the death produced by this acid, even in its most concentrated form, is much exaggerated. There is a short, but a very distinct interval between the taking of the poison and death: animals destroyed by it give a cry singularly expressive of pain, and are strongly convulsed from the apparently acute agony they suffer; nor do we think that even on the grounds of saving some old favorite animal pain it is preferable to laudanum, and yet only on this plea is it ever vended.

For suicide this poison has over all others this terrible advantage; when once the fatal phial is to the lips, no earthly power can stay the course. Antidotes are useless. Almost ere the alarm can be given the deed has been accomplished; and even if an antidote were at hand, with the quantity taken, in nine instances out of ten it would be useless; and when first taken the nervous system is so violently affected as to render the approach, even of a friendly hand, dangerous; the teeth are firmly fixed; and when the sufferer falls exhausted, the poison has spread too far into the system to be counteracted, even though the antidote were administered within the few seconds that life then remained.

In debarring the suicide from this deadly poison, we could not hope to prevent one determined to put an end to his existence from effecting his deadly purpose; we will admit this in its fullest extent to those who advocate its sale upon the grounds that were it forbidden, a plunge from a bridge at night, a rope, or a fall from some high place are still within his reach; or even if excluded from these, oxalic and other corrosive acids producing death with the most intense agony are still left. But the cause is here marked out: time in every poison, save this, is afforded to the sufferer to free others from suspicion, but here a method of murder is offered by which, if care is taken, it would scarcely be possible to detect the murderer—a sudden fall, a person is seen applying sal volatile, and all traces of the poison are immediately lost; suspicion would indeed scarcely arise; if it did, a country surgeon would recognize the familiar smell of ammonia. It is undoubtedly true, that even though united to ammonia, the presence of the acid might be shown by delicate tests; but the composition of prussic acid is against

any certainty; it can be produced from animal fibre or from blood; for the purposes of commerce it is procured by heating hoofs and potash in an iron crucible, and its extreme proneness to decomposition would present another still more serious difficulty; unless made from the ferro-prussiate of potash, it changes in a few hours into ammoniacal compounds. The cyanuret of potash prepared as advised by Professor Liebig, by heating the oxide of manganese with the ferro-prussiate of potash, in two hours commences to evolve ammoniacal vapors, and within the twenty-four hours is entirely decomposed; the deadly poison is by chemical combination changed into the stimulant, which undoubtedly is its most efficient antidote. It is true, the advance of science has rendered the evidence of chemists of a far different character from that tendered on the trial of Sir Theodosius Boughton, upon which the fact of poisoning by prussic acid was considered proved after an interval of seven years; the evidence then considered as most conclusive would now but expose the incapacity of the witness. In a late inquest, the fact of the surgeon not being aware of the ease with which this fatal poison could be made from urea and animal bodies, deteriorated his otherwise valuable evidence; and chemists are the more called upon for care, as the judges have lately considered it necessary to check the importance which chemical evidence so naturally exerted on the minds of the jury. The analytical chemist should not tender his evidence as if he regarded it as conclusive or otherwise of the guilt: in Madame Laffarge's case, the verdict depended upon the discovery by Professor Orfila of a minute portion of arsenic, which had escaped the researches of six experienced chemists, while that strong link of circumstantial evidence which established the guilt was comparatively overlooked; but here the poison can even perform its deadly task without being swallowed. Dr. Collier witnessed a case where a lady steeped some fur into the poison, and then endeavored to swallow it. The piece stuck in her throat, and though aid was immediately given, she perished. Had sal volatile been freely given, it would have been nearly impossible for any chemist, however skilled, to have recognized, by the most delicate test, the presence of this poison after a few days; yet Captain Donellan was executed for the murder of Sir Theodosius Boughton, by the administration of an essence of bitter almonds; now, the evidence of the existence of an extremely volatile poison could not, after seven years, have been depended upon; and the more particularly as the witnesses, without exception, fell into the serious error of asserting that the decay of the corpse commencing immediately after death was an undoubted proof of the administration of poison. Experience has since proved the gross inaccuracy of this absurd statement, yet in the summing up of the judge we find this assertion urged most strongly against the prisoner, while the strong and damning facts of his possession of a book giving instructions to prepare the poison, and the apparatus required to prepare it, with the sudden death of the young man to whose property he succeeded, were passed over. The death was here accompanied with great agony, and where the poison is so weak as to allow a struggle, the pain is evidently of a most severe character. The evidence of the witness on the inquest on Mrs. Belaney, most painfully showed this; the acid was here, indeed, so weak,

that had the slightest energy been displayed she might undoubtedly have been recovered. The judge, on the trial of this case, appeared to give but little weight to the evidence of the chemists and physicians, and this we fear will be even more strongly marked. We admit that the positions taken by the chemists and physicians would, if admitted, have superseded the necessity of legal inquiries; one of the most scientific stating, as in the case of Mr. Maenoughton, that the mind of a man capable of committing a murder could not be in a sound state, and that the criminal required the application of medical instead of legal correction, to renew the harmony between the passions and their counterbalancing faculties.

The prussic acid, prepared as directed by the Pharmacopeia, is very dilute, containing two per cent. only of the acid. The strength of Scheele's which is continually referred to by physicians, is not known, the professor having in his form omitted to state the quantity to be distilled over. The first quarter of an hour would, therefore, if the operation were carefully conducted, yield an acid, three drops of which would destroy a small animal; while that prepared by another chemist who would continue the distillation for several hours would be weaker than the dilute acid directed by the Pharmacopeia. This great difference in the preparation of the acid has produced several fatal accidents, particularly in France, where, to secure uniformity, Gay Lussac introduced the plan of producing acid of the highest possible strength. Cyanuret of mercury was decomposed by the addition of its own weight of strong hydrochloric acid; the receiver was kept cool in ice and salt, the acid distilled by the gentlest heat passing over dry chloride of lime to absorb the excess of water; in this way an acid is procured the inhalation of which is sufficient, during the trifling escape inseparable from the most careful distillation, to produce headache, and occasionally stupefaction; flies near it are observed to fall dead, and while transferring it to a bottle the operator is forced to hold his breath. Acid of this terrific strength is not kept by any chemist in England. Majendie, the celebrated French physiologist, on the other hand, recommended an acid weaker than that prepared by our Pharmacopeia, mixed with a syrup; but at his own hospital the dreadful preparation of Gay Lussac was administered for his own; the medicine was poured out and swallowed, and nine or ten had taken the dose before the fatal convulsions of the first patients showed the mistake. Remedies were immediately given, and some, we believe three, were saved; but as if a fatality was to be attached to this medicine, no sooner is it recognized by physicians and admitted into our Pharmacopeia, and every chemist required to keep it, than we find it the general weapon for murder or for suicide; and though an unobjectionable form is given in the Pharmacopeia, physicians still adhere to the uncertain form of Scheele. The advocates of the strong acid have but to increase the dose of the Pharmacopeia preparation to ten drops, to satisfy themselves that giddiness and other signs of too large dose are produced by this, the dilute acid, with the same certainty as with even the strong acid of Gay Lussac.

Prussic acid consists of charcoal, hydrogen, and nitrogen; the known affinity of the two latter to form ammonia is the cause of the tendency of the acid to be decomposed, and the cyanate of ammonia being itself a very volatile salt, renders its trace still more evanescent.

COOKING AND LIVING IN PARIS.

The following is an extract of a letter from Mr. Weed to the Albany Evening Journal:

"Nothing about Paris strikes a stranger with more surprise than the quiet manner of conducting its business. You see little or nothing of the noise and bustle of other great cities. Neither the hum of commerce nor the din of manufactures are heard. There is more stir about the basin at Albany, with greater demonstrations of business, than is to be met with in all Paris. You even wonder how such a vast population are supplied with provisions; and the wonder how they all support themselves is much greater. We, however, are strangers to the rigid system and habits of economy that prevail here. I am assured by an intelligent American, who has been long here, that the expense of victualling Paris, with its million of mouths, does not exceed that of victualling New York. Nothing is wasted here, while in New York enough is thrown away daily to feed a hundred thousand Parisians. French science in cooking is everything to Paris. Many of their most delicate, as well as their most frequent dishes, are made of things which we reject as garbage. Many of their most delicious soups are compounded of materials which we have never dreamed of eating. Indeed, there is no part of a creature, from its horns to its hoofs, out of which the French will not serve you up a savory dish. I came here with a determination to eschew the *refinements* in French cookery, but my resolutions and prejudices have yielded, day by day, and dish after dish, until I now eat whatever is set before me, taking care to smother all that *looks* like horse steak, cat stew, or rat pie, in tomatoes. I have eaten as many varieties of soups, since I came to Paris, as there are sub-divisions in a New England sermon, or verses in a chapter of the Book of Chronicles; and for the most part I must say that these 'pottages' are excellent. With beef and vegetables, a French cook will serve you a capital dinner, in three courses, for one franc. The tendency of French cooking is to diminish the quantity of meat, and to increase the proportions of bread and vegetables consumed; and another and more important result of the perfection of their art, is to greatly diminish the expenses of living. Bread and wine, or perhaps I should say wine and bread, are the staples of life in France. You see Frenchmen in cafés, in gardens, and by the road side, dining not only contentedly but cheerfully, upon red wine and dry bread. I look from my window into the apartment of a humble French family, who dine daily from a single soup, with wine and bread. The bread here, for families, is baked in rolls a yard long, and stands by the table with one end upon the floor, while the other rests against the wall. In commencing dinner, the master or mistress of the family cuts a slice, and then passes the loaf round the table, each cutting for themselves, and then the roll is again placed upright against the wall.

"It is said that from thirty to fifty thousand of the inhabitants of Paris rise in the morning without knowing where or how they are to get either a breakfast or dinner. This class, for the most part, neither work nor beg, but in some way or another, enough sticks to their fingers, during the day, to enable them to procure the necessities of life—wine and bread."

From the Polytechnic Review.

THE UNIVERSAL SALVAGE COMPANY.

SINCE our last number, this company has so far advanced, that it is most probable that it will be enabled to come into early operation; we have read with much attention the prospectus it has placed before the public, and we have no doubt, whatever, that to a maritime and commercial nation it is likely to prove of the highest value; the following extract is one that will be considered conclusive:—

"The history of the casualties of the royal and commercial navies of this great maritime country affords melancholy proof of the immense losses annually sustained by shipwreck. Indeed, so great is the amount of treasure and valuable property sacrificed to the sea, that the wrecks which lie submerged in the seas of Europe, especially on the coast, within the latitudes of 36 and 56 degrees north, and in known localities, are calculated to contain property to a greater amount than could be found in a tangible shape upon the surface of the two kingdoms of Spain and Portugal. This immense treasure receives constant augmentation from wrecks occurring upon the different coasts of Europe to the estimated amount of about four millions annually; and these wrecks, in many instances, occasion other wrecks from the obstructions, and especially the foul anchorage, caused by them, when ships are sunk on anchorage ground. In the years 1835-6, this interesting and important subject was investigated by a committee of the house of commons, who, in making their inquiries, selected two periods of three years each, viz. first, from 1816 to 1818 inclusively; and secondly, from 1833 to 1835 inclusively; and reported according to Lloyd's books, that, in the first period, the total number of ships or vessels wrecked or missing appeared to be 1203; and in the second period 1702. About the middle of the last century, one hundred vessels were lost in a single gale of wind at the port of Cadiz.

"These facts sufficiently demonstrate the magnitude of the losses occurring from vessels wrecked at sea, and the importance of any attempt to retrieve them. Such attempts have not been unfrequent; and the most usual have been by means of the diving-bell. In the year 1683, (about a century after the first exhibition of the diving-bell in Europe before the emperor Charles V. of Germany,) William Phipps, founder of the noble house of Mulgrave and Normanby, formed a subscription, to which the famous General Monk, Duke of Albemarle, largely contributed, for searching and unloading a Spanish galleon, sunk about forty-five years previously, on the coast of Hispaniola (St. Domingo.) After one or two failures, Mr. Phipps succeeded, and returned in 1687 to England, with treasure amounting to 300,000*l.* sterling. The tenth part accrued to the king; the Duke of Albemarle's share was 90,000*l.*; and subscribers of 100*l.* received 10,000*l.* each from the adventure. Large, however, as was the fruit of this enterprise, the result obtained from the use of the diving-bell, in cases of salvage, is but partial and incomplete; nor is it improbable that an amount of treasure remained in the galleon, after the operations of Mr. Phipps, larger than that which was recovered by him."

If a survey were made of the wrecks which surround the coasts of the United Kingdom, similar

to the one made of wrecked vessels on the coral reefs round the small island of Anagada, West Indies, by order of the house of commons, in 1824, such a survey would astonish the world that so much valuable property should have lain so long, and almost daily increasing by other wrecks, within the immediate reach of the first maritime nation, without any effectual means, on a large scale, being adopted to recover them. We frequently read that such a vessel has sunk, the crew saved or drowned as the case may be, the public lament the occurrence, the parties interested set about recovering the loss of property from the underwriters, the claim is adjusted, and both parties endeavor to forget the catastrophe as soon as possible; although the vessel, worth several thousand pounds, has sunk in twenty fathoms water only, her position easily ascertained, every facility to pass chains round her to recover her, nevertheless there she lays given up as lost forever. Take, for instance, the *Phoenix* steamer, sunk off Dungeness, and many others we could mention; it is to be remembered also that several vessels of war lay sunk at Spithead upwards of fifty years, and that it is only within the last few years, that the application of the galvanic battery and the improved diving dress, induced the government to recover the effects of part of those vessels by means of the tedious and dangerous process of diving, and by the former to destroy the vessels by blowing them to pieces, creating vast labor to recover the fragments. Many persons imagine that when a vessel has sunk she is immediately destroyed by the action of the waves; such generally is the case in very shoal water, on rocks, &c., but when the depth of water is beyond the swell or break of the sea, such vessel will remain whole for many years; for example, the numerous foreign vessels of war and others sunk many years back, whose position and condition are well ascertained; also the *Mary Rose*, one of Henry the Eighth's ships, sunk off Spithead near three hundred years back; the divers have visited her, ascertained her position, several guns have been raised from her, and they have reported that although she is covered with innumerable shell-fish, she appears whole and in fair condition; and an opinion has been expressed by those capable of giving one, that she could be raised by the power of the atmosphere applied according to Mr. Edward Austin's patent method. Really, this is so interesting a subject that we must beg permission to call the attention of the scientific world to the fact that a vessel of so ancient construction lies in a moderate depth of water, within a short distance of the shore, that it is capable of being raised by the application of the above invention, and placed in one of her majesty's docks at Portsmouth.

Several individuals have lately, by means of the diving dress, realized considerable sums of money from wrecked vessels on the coast of Ireland, in the Mediterranean seas, the Azores, &c.; and one of the steam tug companies at Liverpool, during the last year, recovered a vast amount of cargo from wrecked vessels; and they placed in the hands of Lloyd's agents at that port upwards of £20,000 recovered from one vessel; also, during the last four years, another party has been working by the same means successfully in various parts of the Mediterranean. They visited the bay of Navarino, and recovered several brass guns

from the Turkish vessels of war sunk in that port (upwards of 100 including the transports.) The Greek government had employed their divers previously to the depth of nine fathoms, which was their limit, when the parties alluded to arrived and carried on their operations to eleven fathoms; but the pressure of the water became so great and distressing to the men that they could not descend to a greater depth, and the pursuit was given up, leaving immense wealth untouched, and the more wealthy and large ships sunk in deeper water, and in still weather are easily discerned. The same divers entered into a contract with the Turkish government to receive fifty per cent. on all they recovered from their vessels. They operated by the same means on the Turkish admiral's ship, on board of which the wealthy Turks had placed their treasure during the revolt at Scio; this vessel took fire and sunk; from it they recovered much valuable plate and a brass gun weighing between six and seven tons. These successful ventures have been kept quiet for certain reasons, but such and similar facts clearly prove that if parties with limited means and power can accomplish so much, there is an ample field open for the "Universal Salvage Company," with capital and unlimited lifting power, to realize immense wealth; for they are unshackled by any expensive machinery or establishment. Their operations are expeditious and economical; having accurately ascertained the value of the proposed ship to be raised, her exact position by their simple and ingenious method by buoys on the surface of the water, the probable expense to accomplish the object is easily known. The large per centage of thirty-three and one-third per cent. which the salvors are entitled to by law, must, if their business be conducted with common prudence, enable them to pay a large dividend on their shares as well as to restore a vast amount of property to underwriters and others, who, in many instances, have been ruined by the sad and melancholy catastrophe, shipwreck.

Another important feature proposed by this company is to establish a steam vessel, or more, in a position, especially during the winter months, that is likely to be of essential service to ships in distress entering the Downs or the river Thames. Numerous are the instances of vessels perishing, with their crews, in sight of hundreds of spectators on shore, without possibility of aid being rendered them by the present means; and although there are upwards of thirty steam vessels employed as tugs on the river Thames, strange to say, there is not one of them fitted with proper anchorage gear, or the means to recover them in rough weather, or to continue for any time in a gale of wind exposed to the action of the sea without being herself destroyed; therefore, it is impossible that such vessels can render assistance to a ship in bad weather. These are facts beyond contradiction, and are well known to the pilots; we therefore hail with satisfaction the proposal that a steam vessel be constructed, combining all the late improvements, and capable of continuing under weigh in severe weather to render assistance to ships on entering the Thames, which, no doubt, will be the means of saving many valuable lives and much property; and from the sums of money realized occasionally by the class of vessels just described, the expectation is justified that a handsome profit will be obtained on the capital so employed.

A Brief Sketch of the Life of Joseph Lancaster.
Including the introduction of his System of Education. By WILLIAM CORSTON. 18mo.

[THE Electric Review has an article on Dr. Bell and Joseph Lancaster. Having so lately had a long notice of the former in the Living Age, we omit most of that part of the review.]

Joseph Lancaster was born in Kent Street, Southwark, on the 27th of November, 1778. His father was a Chelsea pensioner, who had served in the British army during the American war. To the pious example and early instruction of his parents he always attributed, under the divine blessing, any acquaintance he possessed with the power of religion. "My first impressions," he says, "of the beauty of the Christian religion were received from their instructions." There is a touching beauty in his own account of himself as a little child, retiring to a corner, repeating the name of Jesus, and as often reverently bowing to it. "I seemed to feel," he says, "that it was the name of one I loved, and to whom my heart performed reverence. I departed from my retirement well satisfied with what I had been doing, and I never remembered it but with delight." This little incident was an epitome of the man, and, inconsistent as it may seem to be with his future religious profession as a member of the society of Friends, it truly shadowed forth the enthusiastic, not to say passionate, feeling, which through life so eminently characterized him.

At the early age of eight years he was pondering the Gospels in secret retirement and delight, his heart "filled with love and devotion to God," with "breathings of good-will to the human race," and with "desires to devote his life to the service of God." At fourteen, Clarkson's Essay on the Slave Trade came in his way, and alone, and without taking counsel of any one, he determined to go to Jamaica, to teach the poor blacks to read the word of God. Mr. Corston's narrative of this adventure is so brief and simple that it scarcely admits of condensation:—

"With a view to accomplish his purpose, he left home for Bristol, without the knowledge of his parents, having only a Bible, Pilgrim's Progress, and a few shillings in his pocket. The first night he slept under a hedge, and the next under a hay-stack. On his journey, he fell in with a mechanic who was likewise going to Bristol. They walked together; and as Joseph's money was all expended, his companion sustained him. On arriving at his destination, he was penniless, and almost shoeless. He entered himself as a volunteer; and was sent to Milford Haven the next morning. On board, he was at first the object of much ridicule, and was contemptuously styled *parson*. The captain being absent one day, the officers asked him if he would preach them a sermon. He replied, 'Yes, if you will give me leave to go below for half an hour to read my Bible.' They said, 'O certainly, an hour if you choose.' When he came up, there was a cask placed upon deck, and the ship's company were all assembled. Having placed him upon the cask he proceeded to lecture them upon their habits of profane swearing, drunkenness, &c., at first much to their mirth and amusement; but after a little they began to droop their heads, when he told them if they would leave off these wretched practices, repent, and turn to the Lord, they might still be

happy here and happy hereafter. After this sermon, he was treated kindly—no one was suffered to laugh at him, or use him ill, during the three weeks he remained on board.

"His return home to his parents was occasioned as follows:—a dissenting minister at Clapham, happening to call in at his mother's shop, found her weeping, and in great distress. On his kindly asking the cause, she informed him that her child had left home, and she knew not what was become of him. He endeavored to pacify and comfort her with the hope that the Lord would restore him to her; and then inquired where she thought he was gone. She replied—'Why, we think to the West Indies. He has felt much and talked much about the poor blacks lately, from having read Mr. Clarkson's book about them.' 'O come, my good woman,' he rejoined, 'take comfort. I am intimate with the captain of the Port Admiral's ship, at Plymouth. I live at Clapham. Should you hear of your son, let me know.' In about three weeks, a letter was received from Joseph—his parents informed the minister—he wrote to the captain, and Joseph was soon sent home with a new suit of clothes, money in his pocket, and his carriage paid by coach."—pp. 2, 3.

Between this period, and that of his attaining the age of eighteen, he seems to have been an assistant at two schools, one a boarding, the other a day school; and thus, as he afterwards states in a letter to Dr. Bell, he became acquainted with all the defects attendant on the old system of tuition in both kinds of schools. At eighteen he commenced teaching on his own account in his father's house, and the following description of the undertaking, extracted from an old report of the Borough Road School, is from his own pen. It refers to the year 1798.

"The undertaking was begun under the hospitable roof of an affectionate parent: my father gave the school-room rent free, and after fitting up the forms and desks myself, I had the pleasure, before I was eighteen, of having near ninety children under instruction, many of whom I educated free of expense. As the number of scholars continued to increase I soon had occasion to rent larger premises.

"A season of scarcity brought the wants of poor families closely under my notice: at this time a number of very liberal persons enabled me to *feed* the hungry children. In the course of this happy exertion, I became intimately acquainted with the state of many industrious poor families, whose necessities had prevented the payment of the small price of their children's tuition, some of whom had accumulated arrears for many weeks. In every such case I remitted the arrears and continued the children's instruction free of expense.

"The state of the poor, combined with the feelings of my mind, had now blended the pay school with a free school. Two benevolent private friends had been in the habit of paying for five or six poor children at the low price I had fixed as the assize of education or mental bread for my neighborhood. I easily induced these friends to place the money they gave, as *pay*, in the form of a subscription."—pp. 6, 7.

On the outside of his schoolroom he placed the following printed notice:—"All that will may send their children and have them educated freely; and those that do not wish to have education for nothing, may pay for it if they please." This

filled his school; but, as might have been expected, left his income scarcely adequate to his own board and comforts.

As the number of his pupils increased, a new schoolroom became necessary. It was provided, chiefly through the benevolent aid of the late Duke of Bedford and Lord Somerville, "who," says Lancaster, "appeared to be sent by Providence to open wide before me the portals of usefulness for the good of the poor." "The children," he adds, "now came in for education like flocks of sheep; and the number so greatly increased, as to place me in that state which is the mother of invention. The old plan of education, in which I had been hitherto conversant, was daily proved inadequate to the purposes of instruction on a large scale. In every respect *I had to explore a new and untrdden path*. My continual endeavors have been happily crowned with success."

[Here the reviewer gives a long account of the origin of the controversy between Bell and Lancaster, which we omit.]

With renewed pleasure we now resume the narrative of Lancaster's *progress*, associated as his efforts ever must be with the subsequent spread of knowledge, the growth and enlargement of the popular mind, and the moral and intellectual improvement of the laboring classes of society in these realms. Even his enemies were constrained to allow (no mean praise) that to him—to his "zeal, ingenuity and perseverance," were to be attributed the awakening of the public mind to the duty of caring for the instruction of the poor, and the exhibition of an agency by which it could be promptly, economically, and efficiently accomplished.

We left him busy in the new room for which he was mainly indebted to the late Duke of Bedford—a thousand children daily gathering for instruction, and a few friends supporting him by their annual subscriptions. Nothing can be more beautiful than the account given of his position and character at this time. He was always domesticated with his pupils. In their play hours he was their companion and their friend. He accompanied them in bands of two, three, and (on one occasion) of five hundred at once, to the environs of London for amusement and instruction.

Nor did he care only for their intellectual necessities. Distress and privation were abroad:—he raised contributions, went to market, and, between the intervals of school, presided at dinner with sixty or eighty of the most needy of his flock. "The character of benefactor he scarce thought about; it was absorbed in that of teacher and friend. On Sunday evenings, he would have large companies of pupils to tea, and after mutually enjoying a very pleasant intercourse, would conclude with reading a portion of the sacred writings in a reverential manner. Some of the pupils would vary the exercise occasionally by reading select pieces of religious poetry, and their teacher would at times add such advice and observations, as the conduct of individuals, or the beauty and importance of the subject required. Is it any wonder that with pupils so trained, to whom so many endearing occasions presented, evidences should abound of affection, docility and improvement? In them he had many ready coöoperators, and, however incapable of forming designs, never were agents more prompt and willing to execute." These were his best and most joyous days.

Happy would it have been for him, though certainly not for mankind, had he never emerged from this scene of humble, quiet usefulness, into the turbulence of a world, which distracted him by its excitement, injured him by its praise, and finally, cast him off for faults of which itself had been the parent.

He was now rapidly becoming an object of public attention. His school-room was visited by "foreign princes, ambassadors, peers, commoners, ladies of distinction, bishops and archbishops;" his publications were passing rapidly through editions, each larger than its predecessor; his school, ably and zealously conducted by youths trained under his own eye, and imbued with his own enthusiastic spirit, was forsaken for lectures in all the principal towns of the kingdom, in every part of which he was received with the most marked and flattering attentions from all classes; even the monarch did not disdain to admit him, uncovered, to his presence, but sustained, encouraged and applauded him. This interview, which took place at Weymouth in 1805, is described by Mr. Corston, and is too characteristic to be omitted.

"On entering the royal presence, the king said: 'Lancaster, I have sent for you to give me an account of your System of Education, which I hear has met with opposition. One master teach five hundred children at the same time! How do you keep them in order, Lancaster?' Lancaster replied, 'Please thy majesty, by the same principle thy majesty's army is kept in order—by the word of command.' His majesty replied, 'Good, good; it does not require an aged general to give the command—one of younger years can do it.' Lancaster observed, that, in his schools, the teaching branch was performed by youths who acted as young monitors. The king assented, and said, 'Good.' Lancaster then described his system; and he informed me that they all paid great attention, and were highly delighted; and as soon as he had finished, his majesty said: 'Lancaster, I highly approve of your system, and it is my wish that every poor child in my dominions should be taught to read the Bible; I will do anything you wish to promote this object.' 'Please thy majesty,' said Lancaster, 'if the system meets thy majesty's approbation, I can go through the country and lecture on the system, and have no doubt, but in a few months, I shall be able to give thy majesty an account where ten thousand poor children are being educated, and some of my youths instructing them.' His majesty immediately replied: 'Lancaster, I will subscribe £100 annually; and,' addressing the queen, 'you shall subscribe £50, Charlotte; and the princesses, £25 each;' and then added, 'Lancaster, you may have the money directly.' Lancaster observed: 'Please thy majesty, that will be setting thy nobles a good example.' The royal party appeared to smile at this observation; but the queen observed to his majesty, 'How cruel it is that enemies should be found who endeavor to hinder his progress in so good a work.' To which the king replied; 'Charlotte, a good man seeks his reward in the world to come.' Joseph then withdrew."

At this time money appeared to him to be flowing in, in a perpetual stream. Unaccustomed to its management, and ignorant of its value, he expended it with thoughtless profusion, if not with sinful extravagance. He was, in fact, at this period in so high a state of excitement as to be totally unfit to manage his pecuniary affairs.

"The day after to-morrow," he writes from the country to a friend, "is my birth-day. I am nine and twenty. I wish *all my children* to have a plum-pudding and roast beef; do order it for them, and spend a happy hour in the evening with them, as thou didst this time last year, in my absence in Ireland; *furnish them with money*, and when the good Samaritan comes again he will repay thee." And so he went on. Yet, as might be expected, not without many severe trials and struggles. A faithful and valued friend, still living, who never forsook him either in evil report or good report, and to whom he was largely indebted through life for pecuniary aid, has related to us his own singular introduction to him, which took place about this time. Having heard of Lancaster and his system, he says:—"I called at his school to inquire about the training of a teacher, and after some conversation relating to the necessary arrangements for the man's attendance, I slipped a ten-pound note into his hand as an acknowledgment of my obligations. What was my astonishment to see this quiet man, with whom I had a moment before been calmly conversing, at once turn pale, tremble, stand fixed as a statue, and then, flinging himself upon my shoulder, burst into a flood of tears, exclaiming, 'Friend, thou knewest it not, but God hath sent thee to keep me from a gaol, and to preserve my system from ruin!'"

And this was the state in which he lived for years—excited, enthusiastic, the creature of impulse and passion—his zeal "eating him up," his judgment weak and oftentimes perverted. His letters to his friend Corston, without doubt, faithfully reveal the "inner man," and they are always excited, imaginative, and passionate, sometimes enlivened by a tinge of humor oddly contrasting with depression and melancholy. The alternations of hope and fear in his mind are here seen to be rapid and powerful. Yesterday, "bile, fatigue and grief overwhelm" him; to-day, he has "the valley of Achor for a door of hope." At one time, the "iron hand of affliction and sorrow is upon him," and he is "throwing himself at the footstool of his Saviour and his God, pleading his promises, pleading his fulness, pleading his wants, and *there* resolving to succeed or perish." At another time, he is exalted, "telling the high and mighty ones that the decree of Heaven hath gone forth, that the poor youth of these nations shall be educated, and it is out of the power of man to reverse it." One day, he is "peaceful and resigned," feeling that he is "sent into the world to do and to suffer the will of God," and welcoming "sufferings and the cross as the path the Saviour trod." The next, he is shouting "victory, victory, the enemies are amazed and confounded; the stout-hearted are spoiled; they have slept their sleep; none of the men of might have found their hands: the Lord hath cast the horse and his rider into a deep sleep."

To his enthusiastic and imaginative temperament things innumerable present themselves as "signal interferences." He "wonders at Providence" every step he takes. His friends will see "wonders next spring." The invisible power of God goes through him "far more sensibly than the circulation of blood through his veins." He is at Dover, and after attending two public meetings on education, holds a private conference with a select party; serious conversation takes place; "a solemn covering" comes over them—"it

seemed a power almost apostolic. After standing an hour amongst them, he closes with solemn prayer, "going boldly to the throne of grace in the sacred and powerful name of Jesus." He carries the same spirit into the world with him, and applies it, without discrimination, to his pecuniary circumstances. He is pressed for money, but he cannot believe that, "if the Almighty has designed the education of the poor of London, a few poor pitiless creditors can prevent it;" only let the eyes of his friends be opened, and they will see "the mountain full of horses of fire, and of chariots of fire, round about Elijah." He is in "watch and ward" arrested for debt, and in a spunging-house; he has been there three days, and no one has been to see him: but he is "as happy as Joseph was in the king's prison in Egypt." Corston visits him, and stays an hour or two with him. "After my departure," he says:—

"He rang for the sheriff's officer, to take him to the Bench; but obtained leave to call at home on their way thither. When he got home, his wife and child, and all his young monitors, were assembled, overwhelmed with grief because he was going to prison. After being with them a little, he opened the parlor door, and said to the man, 'Friend, when I am at home, I read the scriptures to my family; hast thou any objection to come in?' He replied, 'No, sir,' and went in. After he had read a chapter or two, he went to prayer. The man soon became deeply affected, and joined the common grief. After prayer the man returned into the other room, and Joseph in a few minutes said to him, 'Now, friend, I am ready for thee.' They had not gone many paces from the door, when the man said, 'Sir, have you got no friend to be bound for you for this debt?' Joseph replied, 'No, I have tried them all.' 'Well,' replied the man, 'then I'll be bound for you myself, for you are an honest man, I know.' He surrendered him at the King's Bench and they took his security for the debt. About ten o'clock the next morning, he came jumping into my warehouse, Ludgate Hill, saying, 'Ah, friend William, did I not tell thee that thou was not to assist me this time?'"—pp. 35, 36.

This arrest brought matters to a crisis. A friendly docket was struck against him, and his creditors were called together. The result was, that in 1808 his affairs were transferred to trustees—a fixed sum was allowed for his private expenses—a correct account of all receipts and expenditures was for the first time kept; and shortly after an association was formed, originally entitled "the Royal Lancasterian Institution for promoting the Education of the Children of the Poor," and subsequently, for the sake of greater simplicity, comprehension, and brevity—the BRITISH AND FOREIGN SCHOOL SOCIETY.

Lancaster's affairs were indeed transferred to trustees, but the man remained unchanged. He was still the victim of his impulses. The excitement of his mind never subsided. The repression of his extravagance was to him an intolerable interference. One by one he quarrelled with his friends; then separated himself from the institution he had founded; commenced a private boarding school at Tooting; became still more deeply involved; went through the Gazette; and finally, wearied with strife and sorrow, sailed in the year 1818 for the new world.

For the few subsequent notices of his life and

character we are indebted to a manuscript communication from himself, which has been kindly placed in our hands in order to enable us to complete the sketch we have undertaken.

On his arrival in the States he was everywhere welcomed and honored as the friend of learning and of man. His lectures were numerously attended, and, for a time, all appeared to go well with him. But his popularity rapidly decayed. Rumors of debt and of discreditable pecuniary transactions in England, soon followed him; sickness, severe and long continued, wasted his family; and poverty, with her long train of ills, overtook him. Under these circumstances he was advised to try a warmer climate, and an opening having presented itself in Caracas, he was assisted by his friends to proceed thither. He went with his son-in-law and daughter, (who afterwards settled in Mexico,) and, to use his own words, "was kindly received—promised great things, honored with the performance of little ones," and—after expressing, in no measured terms, his indignation at the breach of all the promises made to him—was glad to leave his family, and escape with his life. This was accomplished by a hasty flight into the interior, from whence he subsequently reached the sea shore, and embarked in a British vessel bound for St. Thomas.

During his stay in Caracas he had entered a second time into the marriage state, and his account of the performance of the ceremony is curious, as being probably the only instance yet on record, of a Quaker wedding in South America.

The party met in Lancaster's school-room. At the time appointed General Bolivar with his leading officers and a large party of gentry and merchants assembled. "Bolivar's suite," he says, "were extremely puzzled at the large maps, some busying themselves with looking for Caracas in Asia and in Africa. The ceremony commenced by the whole party being requested to sit in silence. After a time this was broken by a notary, reciting the names and connexions of the parties, and proclaiming that each had promised, in the fear of God, to take the other 'for better or worse, for richer or poorer,' and so on. The witnesses set their hands and seals to the contract—Bolivar signified his approval, and the marriage was regarded by all parties as binding."

After a short stay at Santa Cruz and St. Thomas, where again his lectures were attended by the governor and the gentry of the island, he returned to Philadelphia. Again sickness overtook him, and poverty, and much sorrow. In miserable lodgings, with an apparently dying wife, pinched by want, and pressed hard by difficulties of every kind, he appealed to the benevolent, and in addition to other aid, obtained a vote of 500 dollars from the corporation of New York. This enabled him to take a small house, and to recover strength.

He now determined to return to England, and all but agreed for his passage, when circumstances induced him to return through Canada. On his arrival at Montreal he commenced his lectures, and again for a time floated along the stream of popular favor. His worldly circumstances improved, and he determined to give up the thought of returning to England, and to settle in Canada. After a time, and probably through his own folly, he again sank, and then opened a private school for subsistence. In this school room he held "silent meetings" on "first days," sitting alone, while

his wife and family were gone to church. "Here," he touchingly says, "I sometimes found the chief things of the ancient mountains, and the precious things of the everlasting hills resting indeed on the head of Joseph, and on the crown of the head of him who was 'separated from his brethren,' by distance—by faults—by circumstances—and by the just but iron hand* of discipline. I longed again and again to come more and more under the purifying and baptizing power of the truth which had been the dew of my youth, and the hope of all my life in its best moments, whether of sorrow or of joy."

The last letter received from him was addressed to Mr. Corston, from New York, and dated 21st of 9th month, 1838. He was then in the enjoyment of an annuity which had been raised for him in England, chiefly by the exertions of the friend to whom we have already referred. His mind at this time was evidently as wild as ever, and his energies unbroken. He is still ready to undertake "to teach ten thousand children in different schools, not knowing their letters, all to read fluently in three weeks to three months." The "fire that kindled Elijah's sacrifice," has kindled his, and "all true Israelites" will, in time, see it. And so he runs on.

But his career was rapidly drawing to a close. He had fully resolved on a voyage to England; but about a week before the affecting accident occurred which occasioned his death, he expressed some doubts on the subject, saying, "He knew not the reason, but he could not see his way clear in leaving America."

On the 23d of October, 1838, he was run over in the streets of New York; his ribs were broken, and his head very much lacerated. He was immediately taken to the house of a friend, where he died "without a struggle, in the fifty-first year of his age."

In 1830 the health of Dr. Bell decidedly failed; and in 1831, Sir Benjamin Brodie stated his agreement with Dr. Newell in the opinion, that the nerves of the larynx were in a degree paralytic, as well as the organs of deglutition. His mind was, however, in full vigor, and his vanity as rampant as ever. "His money," says his biographer, "was now a burden to him." After changing his mind again and again as to its disposal, he at length suddenly transferred £120,000 to trustees at St. Andrews for a projected college. He then wrote to Dr. Southey, requesting that he and Mr. Wordsworth would edit his works, and begging their acceptance of £2,000, and all expenses paid, and the expenses of those they might employ. Southey accepts the trust, and incidentally refers to his own declining strength. "I am old enough myself," he says, "to have the end of my journey in view, and to feel what a blessing it will be to escape from the cares of this world, throw off the burden of human infirmities, and be united in the kingdom of heaven with those dear ones who have gone before us."

Dr. Southey very properly urged that as almost all his wealth had *come* from the church, some of it, at least, ought to *return* to it; and suggested to him a plan for augmenting poor livings. Dr. Bell at first seemed to acquiesce, but soon after altered his opinion. One twelfth of the amount he had placed in the hands of trustees (£10,000)

he subsequently gave to the Royal Naval School, and five other twelfths he transferred to the towns of Edinburgh, Leith, Glasgow, Aberdeen, and Inverness. His Scotch estates, producing a yearly rental of about £400, he made over to trustees for the purpose of promoting and encouraging the education of youth in Cupar Fife, subject to a miserable annuity of £100 per annum to his sister; £20 annually to six other persons; and £10 to Thomas Clark. His princely donation to St. Andrews proved most unfortunate; it involved him in disputes with the trustees, terminating only with his death, which took place at Cheltenham on the 27th of January, 1832, in the 79th year of his age. His remains were removed to London on the 9th of February, and deposited in Westminster Abbey on the 14th; the highest dignitaries of the church, and other eminent persons, attending as mourners.

The leading features of Dr. Bell's character have been so well portrayed by Mr. Bamford, that we cannot do better than extract from his "Notes." He is speaking of him as he appeared to the teachers with whom he constantly came in contact:—

"Acting as general inspector of all the schools united with the society, and anxious for the diffusion of his system, he apparently sacrificed every comfort, by continuing to undergo, in traversing from school to school, great bodily exertions and great mental excitements. The gratification which he derived from the display of a particular kind of knowledge, from the reception of praise and respect, the tribute due to his discovery and public reputation, encouraged and fed his restless vanity to such a degree, that his feelings, unless relieved by indulgence, would have made him intensely miserable. He had become so accustomed to bustle and change, and to new faces with new admiration, that he could never be happy for any length of time in one place. His fame, too, was spread, and a monument of renown erected by the establishment of every school. The fervor of travelling, and the excitement of fresh company, were necessary to carry off that exuberance of passion which, if not thus spent, would, I think—even if he were alone and in solitude—have accumulated and overflowed in vehement and fiery fits. Food, too, was continually required to nourish those notions of his self-importance which stationary friends, by too great intimacy, might neglect or refuse to gratify. It is true, that disregarding all personal care, and toil, and expense, wherever his services could be useful, however distant the place or unknown the applicants, no self-considerations restrained his zeal, or came into competition with his eager desire to bring his system into public notice and favor, and to keep up its character and reputation with others. In process of time, however, this craving for admiration from diversity of persons increased into a strong and overpowering feeling. It was not surprising, therefore, that he wrought himself into a belief that, as he was signally appointed by Providence to be the means of bringing to light such an instrument for the education of the body of the people, and the consummation of the blessed Reformation, so it was his duty personally to give his assistance whenever it was desired or likely to advance his great object. Still, perhaps, it had been better for himself and the cause in which he was engaged, either to have confined his instructions to fewer places, or to have communicated them with more grace. Previously to his arrival

* He had been disowned by "the Friends" chiefly on account of his irregularities in money matters.

in any town he was, from his public character and his disinterested employment, regarded as highly as his own pretensions could desire; but a first or second visit most commonly lessened the respect or checked the ardor of those who had given their time and money towards the establishment of the schools, and who found themselves and their labors frequently depreciated, censured, and offended. Many anxious friends of schools, who had welcomed his coming, in the hopes of being assisted and encouraged by the sanction of the discoverer of the system they were patronizing, became disgusted and disheartened, and have now either given up their interest in schools altogether, or only attend in spite of the reflection that he, who should best know and judge impartially, could find nothing to commend in their exertions. I do not mean to say that he found fault where there was no reason; but his manner of examining schools, and addressing visitors and masters, was in general so opposite to the courteous and complacent behavior by which great men become beloved, that many unkind feelings have been excited against him which he might very easily not only have prevented, but in their place have established unalloyed admiration. Instead of delivering his instructions and making his remarks in a gentlemanly and conciliatory mode, so as to gain upon adult masters by his suavity, his personal behavior was such that he was almost universally dreaded and disliked. His treatment of them in their schools, in the presence of their pupils, was frequently calculated to create any other sentiments than respect and attention. His conduct not only at the time alienated them from him, but it created a dislike which embittered and rendered heartless all their subsequent endeavors. It might be commonly true that there was ground for his observations; but his style of talking to them, and his remarks, with a kind of boundless rage and bluster, were, in their estimation, not only unkind and unnecessary, but vexatious and oppressive. These were evils which, in a great measure, he might have avoided, without exhibiting less earnestness or producing less benefits; besides, clothed as he was with authority, the tyranny was the more galling.

His passion for money was inordinate, and it deservedly brought upon him, especially in his management of Sherburn Hospital, annoyance and obloquy. His views of human nature were affected by this propensity, and were consequently low and mean:—

"He regarded money as the *primum mobile*, and only efficient stimulant in the world. He excited masters by a negative kind of threat. He did not say, 'Do this, and you shall have so much beyond your regular and fixed salary,' which at best might be barely sufficient to command the necessities of life—but, 'Do this, or you shall be maimed, or lose your situation.' He would have had all the masters under such an arbitrary kind of control, that if the school did not weekly and monthly increase in numbers, and order, and attendance, and improve in progress, the masters should be subject to weekly and monthly fines, and be paid according to the periodical state of the school. 'I can do more,' said he to the Archbishop of Canterbury, taking a half-crown out of his pocket, 'I can do more with this half-crown than you can do with all your fixed salaries.'"

His treatment of Mr. Bamford shows how well he understood the art of managing men for selfish ends, and how unscrupulously he practised it:—

"In his treatment of me," says that gentleman, "he exercised that mixture of severity and apparent good-will which, however at times unpleasant to my feelings, had so much influence over me, that I adhered to him most exclusively; and as he impressed upon me, looked upon all others who spoke kindly to me, or wished me to seek some relaxation, as insidious enemies. He professed to have no other object in view but my good; and by opening mysteriously to me the power of future patronage with the necessity of implicit reliance, I was encouraged to expect a reward proportionate to any exertions I should make, however laborious or supererogatory. To him, therefore, I devoted myself. He found me docile, tractable, affectionate, and without guile or suspicion. He wished to train me up in that exclusive attachment to him and his pursuits, which rendered me a useful and necessary instrument for his present purposes, and which would prepare me for any future operations. He, therefore, exacted of me the prostration of the intellect, the affections, and the actions. All were to be at his disposal. Private views, and opinions, and friends, were to be discarded; and with a pure admiration and dependence, I yielded myself solely and wholly to his will. Severe and hard to endure was this course of discipline. He soon found that with the more gentle qualities of my nature, there were also united a warmth and impetuosity of temper, with a pride of spirit, which could be with pleasure led by gentleness, but which was fretted and wounded by harshness. But what could the vain ebullitions of youth avail against the cool and practised aims of age? By raising expectations without directly promising—by manifesting a parental care for my welfare, by professing sincere regard, by holding up inducements and future advancement, by candidly and honestly telling me my faults, by an air of the strictest justice, by enforcing unequivocal veracity, and every moral virtue, with a rigid industry, he bent and warped my mind to such a degree, that all my powers, and thoughts, and sentiments, were employed exclusively to please him, and fulfil his directions. I viewed nothing in the world but through the speculum he presented. Of himself he gave me a picture which I loved. He represented himself as delighted with truth, a lover of candor, the patron of merit; and he signalized me out as his little Lake boy, his protégée, nay, as his son, whom he regarded and trained up as his own. This, notwithstanding the many bitter moments of discipline which were used to try me, could not but gain upon such a heart as mine, particularly so inexperienced a one."

He never appears to have lived happily with his wife, and in June, 1812, a regular deed of separation was drawn up and finally executed. He nowhere exhibits *amability* of character. Few, if any, loved him.

His vanity was prodigious: sometimes it is hateful, sometimes amusing. Mr. Davies, his amanuensis, whom he would keep employed for months together almost night and day, apparently regardless of his health or comfort, having on one occasion written to him an account of the progress he was making in the wearisome task assigned him of compiling from an immense mass of papers a complete edition of all the doctor's works, receives the following consolation:—"Go on. You must be well aware how instructive, how exceedingly instructive your present task is to you, and must still further be when I come to criticise and correct all you shall do." Davies writes that he is at work

from six in the morning till ten at night; to which the doctor replies: "You must work, not as I have done, for that I do not expect, but as you can. *Your labors in no other way can be so profitable to the world, or so improving to yourself.*"

Mr. Bamford's account is equally ludicrous.

"He triumphantly displayed the mighty advantages with which I was favored in being allowed to copy and transcribe, from little scraps of paper and backs of letters, the chaotic effusions of his ardent mind. 'This was real training, far better than being at the university; and nobody knew where it might end, or what you may come to, if you give yourself up to this thing.' He would remark, after he tried my fidelity—'Now you know all my concerns; other people require oaths of secrecy; no man engages a common clerk, without having security for his faithfulness; but here I allow you to see my papers, and trust only to your honor. Though I do not ask you to swear, yet I expect that you will consider yourself as fully bound, as if you were sworn to secrecy.'"

In this respect alone—the attaching of vast importance to supposed discoveries in education—Lancaster resembled him. *He*, too, had his "mysteries," known only to the initiated. He, too, was a moral spectacle, and a wonder to himself. If Bell "wielded one of the most stupendous engines" known "since the days of our Saviour and his apostles," Lancaster was not a whit behind in celebrity. He could instruct "a thousand children at the same time out of one book;"—his "youngest pupil could teach arithmetic with the certainty of a mathematician without knowing anything about it himself," and by these "wonderful inventions" the world was to be regenerated. If Bell "attached an overweening importance to trifles, and insisted with vehemence on all his notions being adopted," Lancaster (we were about to say) outdid him—but that was impossible—in this species of extravagance. Yet his boasted methods of punishment were radically bad, and have long since been abandoned as degrading and mischievous; and his system of rewards, including "badges of merit," "orders" of merit, chains, medals, and expensive prizes—scarcely less objectionable, have shared the same fate. Time has already set its seal upon the doings of both these men, and judgment has long since gone forth. But how different is the verdict to that which they so fondly anticipated. On all the *peculiarities* in which they gloried, men already pour contempt. The *monitorial* principle survives; but the trappings with which they encumbered it have long since proved worthless. Their pride is in the dust; their ambition, a vain show. Posterity will remember them rather as party leaders than as inventors or philanthropists, and succeeding generations will honor their zeal, their energy, and their perseverance under difficulties, rather than their wisdom, their genius, or their modesty.

The *diversities* of character in the two men were many and striking. Lancaster, through his whole course, is the religious enthusiast; Bell, from youth to age, is distinguished by worldly-minded prudence. While the one is burning with desire to teach the blacks to read the Bible; the other is quietly earning a reputation for sobriety and circumspection. When Lancaster is "frequenting the meetings of Friends, and sacrificing worldly prospects to obtain inward peace," Bell is fighting a duel, and preparing to take orders in the church. While the unworldly Quaker is exclaim-

ing, "I don't want a stock of money, I only want a stock of faith;" the "disinterested" churchman is insatiate in his lust after place and preferment. While the one, generous to a fault and benevolent to a weakness, is complaining that his "soul succumbs under the burden when he sees hearts breaking under distress" and he "cannot or dare not help them;" the other, careful, and a little covetous withal, is pinching the "brethren," and bringing upon himself a visitation from the bishop. Both are proud; but with this difference—Lancaster is arrogant, Bell, vain. Both are self-worshippers, "the eye" of each is "ever on himself;" but the result is not the same: in the one, self-complacency *destroys love*; in the other, it produces something like insanity. Under its influence, Lancaster, always generous and fervid, becomes habitually wasteful and flighty; Bell, with a natural tendency to be hard and grasping, becomes as habitually selfish and morose—"of the earth, and earthy."

In contemplating Dr. Bell as a beneficed clergyman, the mind is painfully affected in discovering no evidence whatever of spirituality of heart. He is always "high and dry." He has evidently more faith in natural philosophy, than in the gospel as a means of evangelizing India. Principal M'Cormick writes expressing distrust of the "well-meaning but ill-judging patrons of plans for the conversion of Gentooos, and ridicules the idea of attempting to teach Christianity to the natives of Bengal by "preaching its doctrines *slap-dash*;" and faithless Dr. Bell, instead of rebuking his skepticism, replies, that without the power of working miracles "none can ever throw down the barriers which enclose their sacred shrines, or gain any converts whom a rational divine or pious Christian, who sets any value on a good life, would not blush to own."

His theology, too, is more than questionable. He understands by our Saviour's declaration, that we must become "little children" in order to "enter the kingdom of heaven," that, "among children, and from them, and by becoming as one of them, we are to learn those simple doctrines of nature and truth, *innate in them*, or which readily occur to their minds, as yet unbiased by authority, prejudice, or custom." And he calls this the "school of nature and truth pointed out by the Son of God." We are by no means disposed to make any man an offender for a word, but we cannot help observing, that if Lancaster had expressed himself so incautiously, the friends of Dr. Bell would have eagerly seized upon the passage as conclusive evidence of a Socinianized mind.

Lancaster had his theological heresies, but they are of a totally different complexion. His perversions of scripture are all mystical, and it is curious to observe how they blend with his burning temperament. He is an "Elijah," a "chosen vessel," a David before Goliath—a Joshua before Jericho. Imaginative and excitable, he is *always* on fire; Bell, very rarely, except when defending "his system." The former often manifests heat without light; but the latter, as a Christian, never warms—all is cold as death. Coleridge, in one of his letters to Bell, unconsciously reads his friend a lesson when he observes, "A man who has nothing better than prudence is fit for no world to come;" he might have had poor Lancaster in his eye when he added, "and he who does not possess it in full activity is as unfit for the present world." Both might have profited by his conclusion. "What then shall we say? Have

both prudence and the moral sense, but subordinate the former to the latter; and so possess the flexibility and address of the serpent, to glide through the brakes and jungles of this life, with the wings of a dove to carry us upward to a better."

Lancaster's lack of prudence was happily supplied by a little band of men, now all gone to their reward, who, at great personal sacrifice, nobly came forward in the hour of need, and saved the schools he had established from utter and irremediable ruin. On two or three of these departed worthies we must bestow a passing notice.

William Corston, the simple-minded author of the "Brief Sketch," to which we have been so largely indebted, was once well known as the party who introduced into this country the manufacture of British Leghorn. Having shown that instead of being imported as heretofore from Italy and France, it might be manufactured by our own poor, he opened a warehouse for its sale on Ludgate Hill. The discovery attracted much notice. The "Society of Arts" pronounced the invention a national benefit, and rewarded the inventor with a gold medal. The "Society for bettering the Condition of the Poor" also noticed this valuable branch of manufacture in their reports. After many vicissitudes, some of which obliged him more than once to compound with his creditors, he eventually succeeded in his undertaking, and after a long and laborious life, retired on a small property to his native village of Fincham in Norfolk, where, at a very early period of his career he had established a school for poor children. It is due to this good and honorable man to state, that after emerging from pecuniary difficulties he called his creditors together, and with rare probity paid every debt in full.

William Corston was a Moravian by religious profession, a man of tender spirit and of warm affections. We have often heard him relate with brimming eyes the circumstance which first led him to take so deep an interest in the education of poor children. "I was going," he used to say, "when I was about twenty years of age, through Butt Lane, Deptford, when I heard voices singing, and looking up, saw a board on which was inscribed, 'To the glory of God and the benefit of poor children. This school was erected by Dean Stanhope.' I stood looking and musing upon it, when the voices of the children so affected me that tears flowed down my cheeks, and the prayer immediately arose in my heart, O! that it may please God that I may have it in my power one day to build a school like this for poor children!"* He accomplished his object, and the school still stands, bearing the same inscription—"To the glory of God and the benefit of poor children."

Lancaster never had a more attached friend than this good Samaritan. In all his trials we find him pouring his sorrows into the sympathizing bosom of the man whom he delights to call his "friend," his "fellow-laborer," his "brother," his "best beloved and faithful one"—and he never appeals in vain. In later years, Mr. Corston spent most of his time at Fincham, where he died on the 25th of May, 1843, in the 84th year of his age.

Joseph Fox, to whom Lancaster was introduced in 1807, was a medical man, not less eminent for

* By some unaccountable mistake Mr. Southey has attributed this incident to Lancaster, and made him the straw-plait manufacturer.

his professional skill, than for his extensive and diversified benevolence. He was, like Corston, a man of quick feelings and of sensitive nature. In religious sentiment he was either an independent or a baptist, we are not sure which. Fox, while at Dover, was taken by the late Sir John Jackson, with whom he was residing, to hear Lancaster lecture, and such was the effect produced upon him by the fervid oratory of the speaker, that at the conclusion of the lecture he rose, and with the greatest emotion and solemnity exclaimed, "Were I to hold my peace, after what I have now heard and experienced, the stones might cry out against me." His heart and hand were from this moment truly devoted to the work.

On his return to London, it was agreed that he should meet Lancaster to dinner at Ludgate Hill, and Mr. Corston thus describes the interview.

"After dinner, our first subject was the debt. 'Well, Joseph,' said Mr. Fox, 'what do you owe now? Do you owe a thousand pounds?' He only replied, 'Yes!' After a little time, he asked, 'Do you owe *two* thousand pounds?' A significant pause ensued. Joseph again replied, 'Yes.' The third time he inquired, with increased earnestness, affectionately tapping him on the shoulder, 'Do you owe *three* thousand pounds?' Joseph burst into tears. 'You must ask William Corston,' said he. 'He knows better what I owe, than I do myself.' Mr. Fox then rising from his seat, and addressing me solemnly, said, 'Sir, I am come to London to see the devil in his worst shape; tell me what he owes.' 'Why, sir,' I replied, 'it is nearer *four* thousand than three.' He returned to his chair, and seemed for some time to be absorbed in prayer—not a word passed from either of us. Mr. Fox at length rose, and addressed me, said, 'Sir, I can do it with your assistance.' I replied, 'I know, sir, that God has sent you to help us; and all that I can do is at your command.' He rejoined, 'I can only at present, lay my hand upon two thousand pounds. Will you accept all the bills I draw upon you? and every one shall have twenty shillings in the pound, and interest if they require it.' I replied, 'I will.' We then all instantly rose, and embraced each other like children, shedding tears of affection and joy. 'The cause is saved!' exclaimed Mr. Fox. I replied, 'Yes; and a three-fold cord is not easily broke.' Thus, through the gracious and almighty hand of Him, who prospers his own cause, and makes it to triumph over all its enemies and obstacles; thus was the foundation laid for the maintenance of an institution, which was destined to confer the blessing of *Christian* education upon millions and millions of mankind.

"We immediately, and with renewed energy, proceeded with the work. Two days after, the bills, forty-four in number, were drawn, accepted, and given to the creditors; and, with gratitude to the Divine goodness, it may be added, that they were all honored as they became due.

"Soon after this, we were joined by several valuable friends, and on March 1, 1808, a committee was formed, consisting of the following persons:—

"(Their names are given in the order in which they engaged in the work.)

THOMAS STURGE,	WILLIAM ALLEN,
WILLIAM CORSTON,	JOHN JACKSON,
JOSEPH FOX,	JOSEPH EASTER.

"From this time the accounts were properly kept, the trustees holding themselves responsible to the public. Nevertheless, they were further called upon to advance large sums, from time to time; and for nine years, cheerfully sustained the burden of a debt of £8000.

"At length, Mr. Whitbread, who attended the committee, observed that it was a *shame* that a benevolent public should let six gentlemen be so far in advance for so long a time; and proposed that a hundred friends should be sought for, who would undertake to subscribe or collect £100 each for the work. In three years this plan proved successful, and in that time was raised £11,040, by which a new school was built, and the establishment greatly enlarged. And in the year 1817 the trustees were exonerated."—pp. 54—57.

Mr. Fox devoted himself with characteristic energy to the work he had undertaken, and on the formation of the British and Foreign School Society in 1808, he became its secretary; an office which he rendered honorable by his gratuitous but unceasing and unabated labors. He died on the 11th of April, 1816, at the early age of forty years.

The last survivor of this little band was William Allen, whose recent departure in a good old age, has been noticed in most of the leading periodicals of the day. A few words regarding this venerable philanthropist, must complete the hasty and imperfect sketches on which we have, perhaps, too rashly ventured.

William Allen, at the period to which we have been referring, was a chemist, carrying on an extensive and lucrative business in Plough Court, Lombard street, and at the same time delivering a course of lectures at the Royal Institution. Here he had formed friendships with Sir Humphrey Davy and other eminent persons, which ended only with their lives.

In the year 1805 he visited Lancaster's school in the Borough Road for the first time. He was much struck by what he witnessed—became a subscriber to the school, and availed himself of every opportunity for drawing attention to its merits. In 1808 he joined Lancaster's other friends in undertaking the responsibility of his debts, and was for upwards of five and thirty years treasurer to the institution which arose out of his movements.

His life was eminently active and useful. In the year 1818, being then a minister among the society of Friends, he visited Norway, and from thence proceeded through Stockholm and Finland to St. Petersburg. Here, in conjunction with two other friends, he compiled the excellent volume of Scripture selections which, in connection with the entire Scriptures, has ever since been used in the schools of the society. This volume was immediately translated and printed in Russia for the use of the schools in that great empire.

After leaving Petersburg, he proceeded through some of the large towns of Russia to the German colonies on the banks of the Dnieper; and thence to Constantinople, Smyrna, Greece, and the Ionian Islands. After a detention at Zante in consequence of serious and protracted illness, he returned home through Italy, Switzerland, and France. In 1822, he again visited the continent of Europe, and at Vienna and Verona among the ministers of the different courts of Europe then assembled, proclaimed the iniquities of the African slave trade, and pleaded the cause of the oppressed

Greeks, and of the persecuted Waldenses of Piedmont. For the former he obtained some important privileges, and for the latter he secured increased liberty of conscience.

At home he was well known as an ardent and untiring philanthropist;—in character, unspotted—in charity, abundant—in manners, a courtier—in purity of life, a saint. His latter years were chiefly passed at Lindfield, in Sussex, where he had established schools of industry, and here he died on the 30th of December, 1843, in the seventy-third year of his age. His last thoughts were on the love of Christ and on the true unity of a redeemed people; his mind dwelling with lingering affection on the words of Jesus, "that they may be with me where I am." "I in them, and thou in me, that they all may be one in us." In the near approach of dissolution a heavenly serenity settled on his countenance: his hands were raised in the attitude of prayer, and then tranquilly rested on his bosom, as the redeemed spirit was gently released from its earthly tenement.

Should his life ever be written—and it would be an instructive one—the great lesson to be gathered from it would be, the practicability of combining through a long life, the obligations of trade, the pursuits of science, the enjoyments of philanthropy, and the duties of a gospel ministry. We can conceive of nothing better calculated to correct early and ill-directed ambition, to check youthful pride, or to cure unreasonable disgusts, than the observation of so healthful an example, as that of a man whose varied honors were but successive developments of growing character, each appearing in its appropriate season, and each bringing with it its suitable reward.

Of the remaining three early friends of Lancaster, only one was known to the writer of this article—Joseph Foster, an upright and honorable man—generous, hospitable, sincere, incapable of meanness, and indignant at wrong. He too has gone to his rest, the only one who has left his name and place in the society occupied by a son.

Of the *political* founders of the institution few now remain. The Dukes of Kent and Sussex, the Duke of Bedford and Lord Somerville, Mr. Whitbread, Sir Samuel Romilly, Mr. Horner, Sir James Macintosh, and many others who might be named, are all gone. And Rowland Hill, whose cheerful voice used so often to ring through the committee room, as he led in his retiring but noble-hearted friend John Broadley Wilson, who usually accompanied him from his Friday morning service; and Wilberforce, in a somewhat equivocal position, as an annual subscriber, a vice-president, an eloquent advocate, and yet, according to his sons, a disapprover of the society; and humbler names, a sacramental host, who did good service to the cause in their day and generation, have gone too, leaving the principles they espoused, and the society they established, to be defended, sustained, and preserved for succeeding generations by those who cherish their memory, and occupy their places.

Poor Lancaster, who had often occasion to join with the Psalmist and pray—"Deliver my soul, O Lord, from *lying* lips, and a *deceitful* tongue," being charged with Deism, once published his "belief," and if words have any meaning, it is abundantly satisfactory. We quote it as a curious

and almost solitary instance of Quaker theology thrown into the form of *a crede*. "I am," he says, "a firm believer in the divinity of Jesus Christ. I believe that the Holy Scriptures were given by inspiration, and contain in writing the revealed will of God. I believe the doctrine of the fall of man, and the alienation from God consequent on that fall. I believe that there are three that bear record in heaven; the FATHER, the WORD, and the SPIRIT, and that these three are one. I believe in the doctrine of justification by faith in Jesus Christ. I know that salvation can only be obtained by the name of Christ, and by the oblation of himself which he made on the cross. I believe THE APOSTLES' CREED to be a just inference from the Scriptures, at once excellent, simple, and expressive; but it was not given in its present collective form by inspiration, as the writings of the apostles were; and who can blame me for preferring, as an individual, the inspired writings of the apostle, which contain the substance of the creed in almost every page, and often in a few lines, to any inference therefrom by men, however excellent in their kind? Can such inferences rival the beautiful language of St. John, or the majestic yet simple eloquence of St. Paul?" *SOCINIAN, DEIST, INFIDEL!* May thy sound faith, and loving heart, inspire us with a large charity for thy many faults and grievous wanderings!

From Ainsworth's Magazine.

THE LATE MR. LAMAN BLANCHARD.

"I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan: very pleasant hast thou been unto me." 2 Sam., Chap. 1.

It is with feelings of the deepest sadness, which the consciousness of the world's appreciation of his worth can scarcely mitigate, that we find ourselves called upon to speak of one who occupied so honorable and conspicuous a place in periodical literature as the late Mr. Laman Blanchard; but, however reluctant to dwell upon the painful theme, his direct association with our own labors demands that we should devote some portion of our space to his memory.

Were we to give full license to the grief which we share in common with many who valued him, our efforts to record our sense of his loss would prove completely unavailing, and ours would be—

"The voiceless thought which would not speak, but weep."

But the desire, imperfect as the attempt may be, to do justice to his literary fame, masters all other considerations and compels our attention to the claims of his genius upon the notice of the world, while yet the tears of sorrow for his untimely fate flow freshly from their source; for though, in his lamented death—

"The flash of wit, the bright intelligence, The beam of song, the blaze of eloquence, Set with their sun, they still have left behind The enduring produce of immortal mind; Fruits of a genial morn and glorious noon— A deathless part of him who died too soon."

Laman Blanchard's abilities were as various as they were striking. His ever active mind, teeming with fine thoughts and sparkling fancies, needed but a word to guide it in the required direction; the slightest suggestion was at once seized and made palpable in the clearest and most

intelligible language. It was the possession of this faculty that made his services as a political writer so valuable, while the brilliancy and originality of his conceptions developed the poet, the wit, and the moralist. It is not within our province to examine his productions in the former capacity; there remain of his works fortunately more than enough to assist our more legitimate inquiry.

In earlier years Laman Blanchard cherished the hope of being known to fame chiefly as a poet; poetry was his "young affection," and had not the necessities of this "hard work-a-day world" tied him down to its stern realities, he might, even in these prosaic days, have achieved his object. As it was, he never ceased, when opportunity offered, to "strictly meditate the thankless muse," and gave out, from time to time, verses of exquisite tenderness, taste, and feeling, enough for a reputation, though insufficient to satisfy the deep yearnings of the poet's own heart. We have not all the means before us that we could desire to furnish proof of his poetical powers, for, with the exception of one small volume, published several years since, there is not at present any collection of all he so freely scattered. Enough, however, exists in the pages of our own Magazine, to which, from its foundation till his death, he was one of the leading contributors, to justify the assertion that he deserved no mean place amongst those who "build the lofty rhyme," though his name may descend to posterity on other and more assured grounds.

Deeply reverent as are now the countless worshippers of Shakspeare, there breathed not one perhaps, who worshipped the bard with a more ardent and purer feeling than Laman Blanchard, in proof of which let these lines testify, which were written—On the first page of a volume intended for the reception of essays and drawings illustrative of Shakspeare."

"Like one who stands
On the bright verge of some enchanted shore,
Where notes from airy harps, and hidden hands,
Are, from the green grass and the golden sands,
Far echoed, o'er and o'er,
As if the tranced listener to invite
Into that world of light.

Thus stood I here,
Musing awhile on these unblotted leaves,
Till the blank pages brighten'd, and mine ear
Found music in their rustling, sweet and clear,
And wreathes that fancy weaves
Entwined the volume—fill'd with grateful lays,
And songs of rapturous praise.

No sound I heard,
But echoed o'er and o'er our Shakspeare's name,
One lingering note of love, link'd word to word,
Till every leaf was as a fairy bird,
Whose song is still the same;
Or each was as a flower, with folded cells
For Pucks and Ariels!

And visions grew—
Visions not brief, though bright, which frosted age
Hath fail'd to rob of one diviner hue,
Making them more familiar, yet more new—
These flash'd into the page;
A group of crowned things—the radiant themes
Of Shakspeare's Avon dreams!

Of crowned things—
(Rare crowns of living gems and lasting flowers)
Some in the human likeness, some with wings—
Dyed in the beauty of ethereal springs—
Some shedding piteous showers
Of natural tears, and some in smiles that fell
Like sunshine on a dell.

Here Art had caught
The perfect mould of Hamlet's princely form,—
The frantic Thane, fiend-cheated, lived, me-
thought;
Here Timon howl'd; anon, sublimely wrought,
Stood Lear amid the storm;
There Romeo droop'd, or soared—while Jacques,
here,
Still watch'd the weeping deer

And then a throng
Of heavenly natures, clad in earthly vest,
Like angel-apparitions, pass'd along;
The rich-lipp'd Rosalind, all light and song,
And Imogen's white breast;
Low-voiced Cordelia, with her stifled sighs,
And Juliet's shrouded eyes.

The page, turn'd o'er,
Show'd Kate—or Viola—' my Lady Tongue'—
The lost Venetian, with her living Moor;
The Maiden-Wonder on the haunted shore,
Happy, and fair, and young;
Till on a poor, love-martyr'd mind I look—
Ophelia, at the brook.

With sweet Anne Page
The bright throng ended; for, untouched by time,
Came Falstaff, laughter-laurell'd, young in age,
With many a ripe and sack-devoted sage!
And deathless clowns sublime,
Crowded the leaf, to vanish at a swoop,
Like Oberon and his troop.

Here sate, entranced,
Malvolio, leg-trapp'd;—he who served the Jew
Still with the fiend seem'd running;—then advanced
Messina's pretty piece of flesh, and danced
With Bottom and his crew;—
Mercutio, Benedick, press'd points of wit,
And Osrick made his hit.

At these, ere long,
Awoke my laughter, and the spell was past;
Of the gay multitude, a marvellous throng,
No trace is here—no tints, no word, no song,
On these bare leaves are cast—
The altar has been rear'd, an offering fit—
The flame is still unlit.

Oh! who now bent
In humble reverence, hopes one wreath to bind
Worthy of him, whose genius, strangely blent,
Could kindle 'wonder and astonishment'
In Milton's starry mind!
Who stood alone, but not as one apart,
And saw man's inmost heart!"

By the readers of this Magazine, such lyrics as
"The Tour of Love and Time," "Science and
Good Humor," and that beautiful song on "The
Old Green Lane," are, doubtless, "freshly re-
membered;" still less can they have forgotten
that exquisite monody, "The Eloquent Pastor
Dead," which contains so much that now, alas!
is applicable to the writer, that we cannot refuse
to quote a few of the most touching stanzas:—

"Lament not for the vanish'd! Earth to him
Is now a fluttering star, far off, and dim,
And Life a spectre, volatile and grim.

Weep not, ye mourners, for the great one lost!
Rich sunshine lies beyond this night of frost—
Our troubles are not worth the tears they cost.

Give forth the song of love, the steadfast vow—
No tear! for Death and He are parted now,
And Life sits throned on his conscious brow.

Oh, mourn not! yet remember what has been—
How buoyantly he trod this troubled scene,
The pathways of his spirit always green!

He taught the cheerfulness that still is ours,
The sweetness that still lurks in human powers;
If heaven be full of stars, the earth has flowers!

His was the searching thought, the glowing mind;
The gentle will to others' soon resign'd;
But more than all, the feeling just and kind.

His pleasures were as melodies from reeds—
Sweet books, deep music, and unselfish deeds,
Finding immortal flowers in human weeds.

* * * * *
His thoughts were as a pyramid up-piled,
On whose far top an angel stood and smiled—
Yet, in his heart, was he a simple child."

How much of this description was true in Laman
Blanchard, let those who knew and loved him
declare. For ourselves, we can answer for the
application of every line. In his heart, he was,
in truth, "a simple child."

But whatever his poetical merits, it is as an
essayist that he will hereafter be known to the
world; and it was, no doubt, the secret conscious-
ness of success in this department of literature that
prompted him, during the last few years of his life,
to marshal his thoughts principally in that shape.

Month after month did he continue to pour forth
themes sparkling with wit, profound with wisdom
and truth; a shrewd observer of human nature,
but ever noting the follies and frailties of man-
kind with a lenient eye, he spared while he cor-
rected, and excited a kindly admiration while he
censured. Good humor and benevolence, no less
than integrity of purpose, distinguished all he
wrote; and though earnest and impassioned in
the reprehension of vice or meanness, he never
satirized with bitterness. Of quick discernment,
and endowed with a nice appreciation of character,
he exposed the foibles of man and the errors of
society without the slightest tinge of personal feel-
ing; and cheerfulness, amid all his trials—and
they were neither few nor light—so filled his heart
that it shed its glow over everything he touched.

To this Magazine he contributed many of his
essays; but the bulk of them, which, we are happy
to hear, will shortly be published in a collected
form, were contributed to the "New Monthly
Magazine." It is from these that we prefer mak-
ing the extracts that justify our opinion of his
peculiar abilities, and place him on a level with
one whom he admired and knew well—the cele-
brated Elia.

Observe to what conclusions the consideration of
that hackneyed subterfuge, the phrase of "Faults
on both sides," led him:

"Yet how are sacred things profaned, and the
sweetest uses of poetry perverted, to the lowest

and falsest ends! This very phrase, which seems to hold, in the narrowest compass, the moral of all life, and to convey the verdict agreed upon by Truth the plain speaker, and Philosophy the oracle, in relation to all the vain and aggravated contentions of mankind,—this phrase is made a catch-word, a slang saying, a jest, becoming in the very meanest mouths, and fitted for the vilest objects.

“ There is no form of words which has worked more mischief in the social world, as far as words alone can work it, than this simple phrase. It is caught up from lip to lip—repeated until sense is lost in mere sound ; and the general truth becomes a particular falsehood in thousands of instances. Its real meaning is struck out, and a hollow lie is substituted. Where we should find the white, sweet kernel, the maggot fattens. ‘ Faults on both sides,’ is the language, not of the philosopher, the moralist, the peace-making, pardoning Christian—but of the self-elected juror, the concealed and cowardly slanderer, the heartless and abandoned leveller, who would confound vice and virtue, and merge all distinctions, not merely of guilt, but of guilt and innocence, in a loose, easy, general, comfortable verdict—a safe one universally—‘ faults on both sides.’ ”

“ ‘ You are not far from the truth there,’ is the cry of the sage babblers of society as often as the verdict is delivered—not very, in one sense, but awfully near a lie, dark and silent as assassination, perhaps, in another sense. A reputation is possibly sacrificed in the very utterance of the words—a life’s life may be destroyed—a great cause, sacred as virtue, is given up at once—the broadest, simplest points of difference are confused and merged uninquiringly—and honor and shame reduced to the same measure, color, and substance ; all by the easy, current verdict, applicable to the most difficult and the most contradictory cases—‘ there are faults on both sides.’ ”

“ The Father of Evil never invented a more dexterous weapon for his agents to work with. The envenomed point is so concealed, while it looks so open and fair. Candor so shines in it, that inquiry is subdued at once. Remonstrance is silenced by a text so impartial. Once utter this decree, and there is no more to be said. ‘ There are faults on both sides,’ generally settles all to everybody’s satisfaction.

“ The lovers of peace are satisfied, for it cuts short the dispute. The sympathizers with virtue submit, for it spares her the dangerous intoxication of a triumph. The allies of the vicious are comforted, for their client is lifted up in repute to the virtuous level. The slanderers exult, because it gives them a cue for reviling both parties. The timid, selfish people are reconciled, for they are relieved from the risk of taking part one way or the other. The indolent are saved the trouble of investigating. The hypocrites admit that there may possibly be a fault or so more on one side than on the other, but protest vehemently against the practice of balancing hairs and reopening cases that are finally settled. The verdict is given : there is no new trial to be had when once human nature has heard the decree pronounced—‘ There are faults on both sides.’ ”

The special application of this view of the subject is beautifully made in the story of “ *Lyddie Erle*, ” much of which is, unhappily, drawn from nature.

In the same paper we find the following humorous but truthful remarks on “ *Trial by Jury* : ”

“ Certain it is, that at this instant, in the honest city we reside in, juries are, to say the least, as unpopular as in Botany Bay. We, who have unsullied characters, who abjure every vice that is unlawful, and who live in the practice of every virtue that is agreeable to our constitutions, all under the protection of the jury-box, rail as loudly at juries, as the rascals of whom juries rid us.

“ But then, how nicely we discriminate—with what a fine and delicate hand we draw the line between (as we may say) the box and its twelve tenants. How philosophically we distinguish between the jury and the juryism, between the practice and the principle. While we bully the ‘ honest and intelligent’ dozen, as often as we please, how rapturously we, on every occasion, extol the system. The blockheads assembled in the box are only not knaves and perjurors, because they are dense fools, or dreamers past waking ; but the box itself is all the while religiously held to be a blessing invaluable.”

“ An Englishman may just as well poison his grandmother, as rail at trials by jury. No false indictment was ever torn to pieces in the face of the world, under a jury’s unerring and beneficent auspices, as that freeborn Briton would be who should dare to whisper in any popular assembly a syllable disparaging to that glorious institution.”

* * * * *

“ But the jurymen are all forsworn—the whole defenceless twelve. They alone are without shield or protection ; for them, no man, however chivalrous his nature, feels called upon to stand up. It is nobody’s business to see a jury righted ; at best, the verdict in their case would be ‘ justifiable ill-usage.’ ”

“ They are called ‘ honest and intelligent’ by courtesy, but the words mean no more than ‘ honorable’ before ‘ member.’ If they follow the judge’s dictation, they are handsomely pronounced to be ‘ servile, spiritless, and forsworn ; ’ if they happen to differ with that learned person, and bring in a verdict contrary to his intelligible direction, they are pretty sure to be self-willed, prejudiced, ignorant, and reckless of law and evidence. If they come to a decision instantaneously, the decision, though right, is farcical for want of deliberation ; if they have conscientious scruples and cannot agree, we lock them up and starve them into unanimity ; thus obtaining a verdict, not by the strength of their understandings and the purity of their consciences, but by physical torture and the exhaustion of their animal powers. In a question of life and death, we force a decree, ay or no, not from the brain, but from the stomach.”

“ People who always keep their word” afford him a theme for much clever argument and happy illustration :

“ The people who always keep their word, if you will take their word for the fact, are to be met with in immense varieties. To portray them is to paint Legion. It is also to unite opposites under one head ; for those who always keep their word are not to be known, sometimes, from those who never do.”

Here is a well-drawn character, Nick Froth :

“ In whatever water you may happen to be, there he is upon the surface floating buoyantly within hail, and anxious to play the friend in any emergency. But just as you are sinking, he lets go your hand, and swims off in search of the life-buoy, promising to return with speed. He enters eagerly into an engagement to get you out of hot water, and when the element has had plenty of time to

cool, there he is at his post, ready to redeem his promise."

A variety of this class :

" Men of their word, with a reservation—conscience all over, when convenience is in the way." " Very honest people as long as the sun shines and honesty can make hay. In the cold season, with nothing to do, they may be apt to thrust their hands into somebody's pocket—to keep them warm. They make the promise first and then rethink themselves what possibility there is of its fulfilment. They are often as good as their word—but then, their word is good for nothing."

" But although all these people, the majority of the promising crowds who are about one everywhere, regard themselves as persons of their word, and are so to this extent—that they rarely perhaps break a serious promise without some little shabby show of an excuse for doing so; it is to be understood that the very best of them reserve points to themselves on which they may break faith when they like—points on which no expectation of their fidelity is to be reasonably expected."

The following is wittily put :

" It must be plain that even among persons who always keep their word, there are differences of position and circumstance by which we are all moved to cherish preferences and prejudices, affecting our belief in their faithfulness. When a judge promises to hang a man, we are more apt to put faith in him than in a physician when he promises to cure one—yet both, perhaps, in themselves are equally worthy of trust. Of two promises made by the very worthiest of our acquaintances—first, that he will come and dine with us, and, secondly, that he will call and pay the balance, we cannot, with the best of feelings, help relying more on one assertion than the other."

Those who are really sincere in all they promise are thus characterized :—

" Persons who always keep their word recognize in it more and more a sacredness beyond the letter of it, and are the first to feel that they are sometimes bound by a solemn contract, even when they have uttered no syllable in sanction of it. *More promises are made than ever can be spoken: an angel even in our company makes them for us.*"

In the last thought the poet shines out. In his illustrations of the *tedium vite*, he truly says :

" Nothing is liable to such continual and extraordinary variation as time, the present hour differing so from the next that the minutes of one may be as years in the other—nay, as a vast eternity, ever dying and yet endless. Our lamentations over the shortness of life might be spared when we reflect upon the many long days that fall to the lot of every creature in his turn, though there is little perhaps of liveliness in the thought that all those long days are emphatically and necessarily the dull ones of our year, and that this very dullness regulates the degrees of their duration. Nor is it of much avail to seek comfort by counting up the happier days that have intervened, for these are always found to be the shortest in the calendar."

The following, on the same subject, is a touching picture :

" The long, dull, weary day of factory labor—restless, vigilant, and incessant—gathers, nevertheless, with a less grievous weight, hour by hour, upon the overtired heart than would the slow and lengthening minutes of the morrow, if on that sunless day the father saw his children spared from

grinding toil, pining with hunger. The day devoted to watchful tending by the bed of pain, when the being we most deeply revere is helpless, prostrate, and in peril, wears out less darkly than the fixed and hopeless monotony of the after day, when such tending is needed no more. Short and merry is the long, sad time, from early morn to noon, from eve unto deep moonlight, passed on the becalmed sea by the impatient, heart-sick mariner, compared with that *one day*—that now long, marvellous lifetime, sweet, and yet most horrible to bear—when the sunrise sees him sole survivor of the wreck, and the sunset leaves him hanging to a wave-washed point, or floating on a spar alone, and in the dark, between sea and sky."

The absurdity of discovering " coincidences," on every occasion is agreeably satirized :

" To talk is not always necessary—to think is enough. 'How unlucky,' says Shiver, 'that I should have thought this morning of that wine bill, run up before I was married, after forgetting it for five years. The man will certainly send the account to-morrow, or perhaps call himself with it to-night.'"

This gentleman has a helpmate, who jumps at conclusions no less heartily than himself :

" One night, just before supper, she sprang across the room, singing as she went. 'Talking of these things, it always happens so. Here is my lovely friend, Mrs. Wix.' She then ran to embrace a very pretty little figure. 'These things' which had just been mentioned were game and poultry; and it turned out afterwards that Mrs. Wix was the daughter of a distinguished poultier. That coincidence had flashed on the vigilant perception of Mrs. S."

Speaking of the institution of a particular society for various purposes, he prettily and quaintly says :

" How it originated is of little consequence. Be sure of this, that its origin was small enough; what good work ever had any other? There is no crevice so narrow that good will not ooze through it, and gather and augment slowly, until it can force its way by degrees, and flow into a broad, full stream. Once set good going, and who can say where it will stop!"

The change that takes place in men is well treated of in " Deceased People whom we meet daily."—[Copied into the *Living Age*, Vol. I., p. 222.]

These are his ideas on the potent disenchantment of the worldly-minded who live for society alone :

" Human nature, at home, then, is a true thing—a veritably honest existence. It is not a semblance of the man, but the man. He has scraped off his hypocrisy with the dirt from his shoes at the street door ere he entered; he has left his mask, comic or tragic, with his hat on the appointed peg, not wanting either by the fireside where he unfolds himself; and he has thrown off the garb of outward manner which he has perhaps all day worn, as effectually as he had relieved himself of his travelling incumbrances. He has now no more power to act a part than he would have in sleep. His face, is his natural face, his manner is his own personal property, and his speech is not a kind of ventriloquism, but describes his real feelings in tones unaffected. The sacredness associated with 'home' is, in plain English, (one of the dead languages) a convenient cloak for playing pranks in, securely and unobserved. When people find it a relief to leave off acting for

a few hours, they fly to the domesticities. At home they are behind the scenes, out of view, and at liberty to be themselves again. As at the twirl of a wand, off goes the finery; the finished gentleman scowls, grimaces, kicks the cat, and curses the servants, with an exquisite relish of ease and freedom; the tragedy queen tosses off her pot of porter in comfort; the safe, grave man is a giddy vagabond; the dashing spendthrift, a sudden convert to penuriousness; the arbiter of all fashion, a seedy scarecrow; the advocate of temperance asks for a corkscrew; the saint swears he is tired as the devil; and the charming young lady sits down to sulk, and think spiteful things of that Miss Grigs, who was asked to dance eleven times to her nine."

Shakspeare has told us that "homekeeping youths have ever homely wits;" of such a class is Mrs. Fixbury, "the lover of home":—

"Home, in her idea of it, means certain rooms, with suitable fixtures and furniture. That was all! Observe: she was ardently attached to her home! that is, in other words, she had a wonderful liking for her nice apartments. She had an exquisite sense of all that is most elevated and refined in domestic associations! that is, in other words, she had a tender regard for every inanimate thing belonging to her on which her daily household eye rested."

"Home never meant, in her clear, plain, domestic understanding—no, never meant husband, children, and friends—the cheerful meal, the social fireside, and the silent pillow; it only meant a collection of common-place conveniences and ornaments, sanctified and endeared by hourly use and habit. Now, if the reader, wandering and peeping about in the odd dark corners of the world, have not yet encountered a lady wrapped up in a fond regard for her own fire-irons and buffet, her harpsichord and window curtains, then he has missed what assuredly he would have known had he been born sooner and encountered Mrs. Fixbury."

The article "On considering oneself horse-whipped," is a happy application of imagination to the cure of positive evils.—[*Living Age*, Vol. III., p. 182.]

Hear how he characterizes that gift, of which all the world are so liberal:

"Advice gratis wears a remarkably unscrupulous aspect. He has a long tongue which hangs half out of his mouth, a long sight which detects the approach of a victim, before he has turned the corner, a long finger to twine round the button of a hapless listener, and a short memory, which causes him to recommend two opposite remedies to the same patient, both wrong ones."

But we might multiply examples without end, indicative of shrewdness of observation, felicity of thought, and justness of expression, as well as adduce illustrations numberless of orders and degrees of men: there are Jonas Fairbow, the honest, straightforward man: the openhearted Mrs. Aspenall, the cautious Johnny Stint; Robert Amber, "the man who had a reputation for integrity;" John Screw, the hater of the rich; Mrs. Dipple, the female arithmetician—these and a hundred more rise at once to our recollection, a *dramatis persona* large enough to stock the entire realm of comedy. One more extract, and we have done; it is from the last thing he wrote in the "New Monthly Magazine," (December, 1844,) and is full of that wit and genial disposi-

tion which so eminently characterized him. Speaking of Christmas, the last, poor fellow! he was destined to see, he says:

"One of the charms of Christmas is the bounty it brings. It is an old constant distinguishing characteristic of the season to exhibit a soul too broad and embracing to be shut in by the narrow though equitable boundaries of commerce, too lavish to throw its heart's wealth into a scale, and weigh it out in scruples. It is no period for scant measures, or for bare justice; the cup must overflow. Who ever said at Christmas, 'But can't you take *half* a mince-pie?' The spirit of the time is ungrudging, hospitable, generous. It is not the meal of Enough, but the festival of *Excess*. At such a season the common law of debtor and creditor is repealed. It is all give and take. The simple rule is—

"‘That they should give who have the power,
And they should take who can.’"

Less than happy be his new year, who could carp and cavil at the large, free, bountiful, open-hearted, full-handed, gift-scattering philosophy of Christmas!"

But our limits, rather than our inclination or resources, warn us to pause.

It will be a lasting source of satisfaction to us, if in what we have adduced, we have succeeded in directing the attention of the public to the literary remains of Laman Blanchard. For ourselves, we can only say, with Shenstone—

"Heu! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari,
quam tui meminisse!"

From the Dublin University Magazine.

EARL OF ROSSE'S TELESCOPE—POSSIBLE DISCOVERIES.

THE public has been favored with many descriptions of Lord Rosse's magnificent telescope, and the successful arrangements by which he has been enabled to bring to perfection this splendid triumph of science and art; but it does not appear that any detail, however superficial, or prognostic, however fanciful, has yet touched upon the discoveries it may possibly effect, or the advances in human knowledge which may be expected, or at least desired, from its extraordinary powers. It may not be amiss to endeavor, in some degree, to supply this deficiency; and though the attempt may, in its execution, be stigmatized as fanciful and superficial, still it may act as a stimulus to others; and in the mean while gratify those who, satisfied with popular views, may take an interest in this deeply important subject.

1. In the first place, it may be expected, with certainty, that, in penetrating into still remoter regions of space, it will add considerably to the two thousand five hundred nebulae, numbered by Sir William Herschel in our hemisphere;* and that it will resolve into stars many of those which still remained luminous clouds in the most powerful telescopes of both the Herschels. In this well-informed age, it is well-nigh superfluous to observe that every nebula is, as it were, another universe, equal, or at least similar, to that which we behold in a starry night, when myriads of lu-

* See Sir William Herschel's papers on the Motion of the Sun and Solar System, in the Philosophical Transactions of the years 1783 and 1785.

minaries condense their light in the milky-way, or separately shed their rays upon us as they are nearer to our eyes. Yet all these splendors, so magnificent to us, would appear but a nebula to a spectator in one of those distant clusters of stars. Every nebula, therefore, which Lord Rosse's telescope adds to those already known, brings to light another universe, composed of millions of stars; every star a sun, attended by a system of planets, satellites, and comets, and contributing to the happiness of an infinitude of beings, capable of elevating their thoughts and feelings to the stupendous Creator of such a creation.

II. In the second place, this powerful instrument may afford a clearer insight into the nature of that filmy, luminous substance in the girdle of Andromeda, and other parts of the heavens which no telescopic power has yet sufficed to resolve into stars, and which some astronomers suppose to be the rudiments of future solar systems—universes in the progress of arrangement.* Yet it must be admitted that a more intimate knowledge of this substance, although possible, is still scarcely to be expected.

It may, however, be found that this substance, apparently a mass of nebulous light, may be composed of myriads of small meteoric bodies, at a considerable distance from each other, but condensed more or less to the eye, according to their relative remoteness from the earth; and that one of these nebulosities not only approaches, but actually crosses, the ecliptic, and traverses a portion of the space within the orbit of the earth; that the star-showers, as they are called, and which exhibit sixty or eighty of these star-like meteors in a single hour—four or five hundred in a single night—are occasioned by the passage of the earth through this nebulosity thus crossing its orbit; and although these meteors may be *comparatively* in a state of rest, the rapid motion of our globe passing through the mass would give them the apparent velocity of shooting stars. Such bodies occasionally come in contact with the earth; and several of them, composed of iron, nichel, and other solid substances, have from time to time been found, and exercised the ingenuity of philosophers in devising whether they were ejected from some lunar volcano, have travelled at random through free space, or rolled in regular orbits round the sun, the earth, or the moon. Sir John Herschel, from the phenomena observed by him on the 10th of August, 1839, and the 9th of August, 1840, inferred that a zone or zones of these bodies turn round the sun, and are cut by the earth in its annual revolution.† This inference nearly coincides with the above hypothesis; but he does not touch the question whether this mass of meteoric bodies is or is not a nebulosity similar to that in the girdle of Andromeda.

This latter conjecture is, perhaps, more near the truth than any of them. It, however, without being singular in this respect, involves two startling objections—viz. How does it happen that these bodies remain, like the stars, in a permanent state of luminous combustion, in free and empty space?—and why are they not, one and all, absorbed in the attraction of the earth as it traverses their column? If they are ponderous, opake

* Professor Nichol's views of the Architecture of the Heavens. 3d edition, page 137.

† Transactions of the Royal Academy of Sciences and Belles Lettres of Brussels. Vol. VIII., 2d part, page 220.

bodies, and merely illuminated while traversing our atmosphere, they cannot compose the substance of a permanently luminous nebulosity. Can, the meteoric stones which have fallen on the earth at various times—one on the 7th of November, 1492, another on the 27th November, 1627, a third in September, 1753, &c. &c.—and those others which have so frequently been observed during earthquakes and volcanic eruptions*—be one kind of shooting-stars!—and that the multitude of meteoric bodies, seen *periodically* from the 9th to the 12th of August, and on correlative days, if such shall be decidedly ascertained, are another kind? and will Lord Rosse's telescope possess the power of distinguishing between them?

III. In the third place, and of far more importance, we may hope, because there are rational grounds for hoping, that Lord Rosse will be able to discover the planets revolving round Sirius, Arcturus, Aldebaran, and other stars most near our solar system. Professor Nichol, in his eloquent work on the Architecture of the Heavens, observes that Sir John Herschel has lately requested attention, in the most express way, to the minute and point-like companions of such stars as—1. Ursæ, a.² Capricorni, a.² Cancer, γ Hydræ, and α Geminorum, &c., as in some cases shining by reflected light; and, still more recently, his impression has been confirmed by what he saw in the southern hemisphere. “If these small silvery points,” continues Nichol, “lurking within the rays of their respective suns, should indeed prove to be planets, the telescope will have performed the greatest of its achievements; and if upheld by observation as far as it can stretch, our knowledge of the physical constitution of matter shall ever enable us to state it as a general and necessary law, that all the orbs of space—not merely those which shine above us, but also the myriads whose wonderful clustering is seen in distant firmaments—that each one of this mighty throng is, through the inseparable exigencies of its being, engirt by a scheme of worlds proud as ours, perhaps far prouder, how immeasurable the range, how illimitable the variety of planetary existence!”†

IV. Professor Nichol here decides that the discovery of the planets revolving round the fixed stars would be the greatest of the achievements of the telescope; yet there is another which may be justly pointed out as still greater, if among the possible achievements of any human instrument. In a word, the discovery of the grand centre of attraction, round which all the other heavenly bodies have been supposed to revolve.

It is to be recollected that Sir Wm. Herschel has ascertained that several of the fixed stars have a proper motion: a fact, he observes, that will admit of no farther doubt, from the continued observations, since it was first suspected, by Dr. Halley, and which demonstrates that Sirius, Arcturus, Aldebaran, &c., &c., are actually in motion, and that, in strictness, there is not one fixed star in the heavens. But, he adds, many other reasons will render this so obvious that there can hardly remain a doubt of the general motion of all the starry systems, and consequently of the solar one among the rest; and he indicates a point in the heavens somewhere near λ Herculis, as that to which this motion is directed.

* Id. Id. page 437. See also pages 62 and 434.

† Nichol's work above referred to, pages 69 and 65.

In pursuing this inquiry, he adverts to the *disappearance* of certain stars, and the appearance of others, since the time of Flamsteed, (who completed his catalogue in 1689,) observing that a slow motion in an orbit round some **LARGE OPAKE**

BODY, when the star which is lost, or diminished in magnitude, might undergo occasional occultations, would account for some of those changes. The following table will show the several circumstances adverted to on this occasion by Herschel:—

Constellations.	Stars lost or changed.	Newly-appearing Stars.
Hercules	80, 81. 4th magnitude. 70 or 71. 5th magnitude	A star between 4th and 5th magnitude, following δ .
Cancer	26, 56, 73 or 74. 6th magnitude	A considerable star, between β Cancri and δ Hydræ.
Perseus	19. 6th magnitude	Star of 5th magnitude, following τ .
Orion	62.	Star near 54 and 51.
Pisces	108. 6th magnitude
Hydra	8.
Comæ Berenices	19, 34. 5th magnitude	A star between 4th and 5th mag.
Lacerta (Tail's-end)	A star preceding 10.
Cepheus' Head	A star between 68 and 61.
Gemini	A double star of 1st class, prec. 1.
Equulus	Two stars following 1 and 7.
Sextans	Two considerable stars preceding γ and λ .
Bootes

In four of these constellations certain stars have disappeared, and others have been recently observed. In three constellations stars have disappeared, but none new have been observed; and in six constellations new stars have been observed, where none have disappeared. These several constellations are dispersed in different parts of our hemisphere, and the area they encompass is immense, particularly at that distance where a star of the sixth magnitude would be eclipsed by an opake body. Such a body, occupying such an area, could never have been in the contemplation of Herschel as the centre of attraction of the universe. This is not the region in which he would have sought it. An opake body of such vastness would there cause not only the occultation of all stars of lesser magnitude than the sixth, but of all the distant nebulae intercepted by its disk. No stars would be visible in the greater portion of our heavens but those of the most considerable dimensions. It is, therefore, evident that, if these phenomena be caused by the interference of any opake body at such distant intervals of space, there must be not a few of those bodies in our hemisphere, and some of them still more near us than stars of the fourth and fifth magnitude. It is barely possible that Lord Rosse's telescope may throw some light on this mysterious subject.

Herschel looks to a very different position, and a very different body, for the grand universal centre of attraction. "There are," he says, "two ways in which a centre of attraction so powerful as the present occasion would require, may be constructed. The most simple of these would be, a **SINGLE BODY OF GREAT MAGNITUDE**. This may exist, although we should not be able to perceive it by any superiority of lustre; for notwithstanding it might have the usual starry brightness, the decrease of its light, arising from its great distance, would hardly be compensated by the size of its diameter." * * * * "The second way of the construction of a very powerful centre may be the joint attraction of a great number of stars united into one condensed group." * * * * "If," he continues, "a still more powerful, but more diffused exertion of attraction should be required than what may be found in the union of clusters, we have hundreds of thousands of stars, not to say millions, contained in very compressed

parts of the Milky Way. Many of these immense regions may well occasion the sidereal motions we are required to account for; and a similarity in the direction of their motions will want no illustration."[†]

This latter alternative can scarcely ever be demonstrated by any telescope; because it can only afford *negative* evidence against the existence of a great central orb; and such negative evidence could never be decisive, unless we were acquainted with the actual extent of the universe, which in this remote corner is, we may assume, impossible. The other alternative may be within the scope of Lord Rosse's telescope, if, in penetrating into the profound infinitude of space, it can command a view of the actual centre of creation, and the evidence will be equally positive, although not equally satisfactory, whether the central orb be opake or luminous. If opake, it may observe the occultation or re-appearance—not of stars of any defined magnitude, however small, for it must lie far beyond them—but of the far distant nebulae occupying the remotest skirts of the universe. Without some happy concurrence of events, ages of vigilant observation must elapse before some future generation of men could be assured of the existence of such a body thus opake, and therefore, probably, invisible. It might, however, happen to be visible. Ten thousand universes, consisting of *millions of millions* of suns revolving around it in their immeasurable orbit, might shed such a lustre on its expansive disk, as to yield us an imperfect and twilight view of this stupendous orb. But if this orb is luminous—if it pours around on every side unceasing streams of light, heat, and electricity, it would not be too extravagant a hope that this all-efficient telescope will bring us into acquaintance with so vast a mass of matter—equal in magnitude, or, at least, equal in gravity, to all the other bodies of the universe, attracting them all, and controlling all their movements. But whether this instrument, the most powerful that has yet been contrived and constructed by the ingenuity of man, will, or will not accomplish all the important tasks we have assigned it, of this we

* See Wm. Herschel's papers above referred to, 73d vol. pp. 397, 398.

[†] Nicholson's Philosophical Journal, 15th vol., page 279, &c. &c.

may be assured, that it will lead us much farther than we have yet advanced in the knowledge of the immensity of the creation; and that every step it leads us will still more highly exalt our loftiest conceptions of the Deity. When we fill our minds with such contemplations, and then shrink back upon ourselves, with what contempt do we regard our wretched party feuds, and still more wretched sectarian bickerings. The earth we inhabit appears but an atom of dust in the mighty temple which God has erected for his own glory—and with redoubled glory consecrated to the happiness of beings, unnumbered and innumerable. If we know not the immensity of his works, how little have we learned of the all-wise, the all-good, the omnipotent, eternal, and infinite Creator!

A. C.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE LATE MRS. JAMES GRAY.

SUCH of our readers—and we believe they are very many—who from time to time have with ourselves welcomed Mrs. James Gray's contributions to our pages, will be concerned to hear that she is no longer with us. She died at Sunday's Well, Cork, on the morning of Tuesday, January 28th ult. She had scarcely entered on her thirty-third year, and with every hope of a maturity of powers, to which she was evidently fast attaining—it has been the mysterious will of God to remove her hence. Her death was, like her life, tranquil and happy, and full of peace; it was to a certain extent sudden, but by one, who lived as our friend lived, could hardly have been unexpected.

Mary Anne Browne was born at The Elms, near Maidenhead, Berkshire, on the 24th of September, 1812. The genius for poetry which in after years distinguished her, she exhibited from her cradle; and we have heard her say she could not recollect when she was not clothing her thoughts in verse. Even when of such tender years that her parents thought it too early to have her instructed in writing, she invented a sort of alphabet of her own, of which the letters were grotesque imitations of the characters of print, united with such abbreviations, as necessity compelled her to resort to. This she did for the purpose of noting down her thoughts; which, with many other individuals of similar gifts, she felt a kind of burden until recorded.

One of these early poems we have chanced on, and we shall print it, not so much that it may be contrasted with later productions, as rather for the purpose of showing her quickness in mental development. Cowley wrote verses, we believe, at fifteen; and Pope and Chatterton even earlier. The lines following, composed at thirteen, and bearing their deficiencies on their head and front, may be listened to, even after theirs whom we have instanced. Sorrowful sentences they are to issue from a mere child's lips; and the words in the concluding stanza—

" My sun too early risen, must set
Ere noon,"—

would now seem almost tinged with a prescient spirit. It did go down, "while it was yet day," yet not in clouds, but in majestic brightness:—

" MYSELF—1825.

There was a time—a happy time,
And 't is not many years ago,
When grief I knew not, sin, nor crime,
Had never felt the touch of woe;

I was as other children then,
I ne'er shall be like them again.

I am a child as yet in years,
But not like other children. Strange
That woman's hopes and woman's tears
Should come on me, and work such change
So soon. But gone is childhood's chain,
My heart shall ne'er be young again.

I still enjoy some sportive hours,
But not with such an ardent breast;
I still can weave me fairy flowers,
But not with childhood's playful zest.
There is a something in my brain
That will not let it rest again.

It is for youth to weep at woe,
For age to hoard it in the heart;
But not a tear of mine will flow,
Though I have had of grief my part.
Mine is a hidden secret pain,
Tears I shall never know again.

I cannot look without regret
Upon the April morn of life;
My sun, too early risen, must set
Ere noon, amidst dark clouds and strife;
Who youth's sweet dream would not retain?
Who would not be a child again?"

With Miss Browne, the power of verse was not only an "accomplishment," as our great Wordsworth terms it; it was an inherent possession. It was born with her, and it lingered with her even through the gloom of a dying chamber. A child of such early promise, it is not surprising her parents, with much pride, sought to second her inclinations; and a selection of these juvenile efforts appeared in 1827, under the title of *Mont Blanc, and other Poems*. Next year was published *Ada*, and in the year after but one, *Repentance*; which were followed, in 1834, by the *Coronal*; and, in 1836, by the *Birthday Gift*.

About this time Mr. Browne's family removed from their secluded residence in Berkshire to the town of Liverpool, for the purpose of giving the only son of the house* a mercantile education, to which he had destined himself. Higher feelings, however, after a little while swayed him; and his hours of recreation were devoted to studying for our own university, where having received his education with considerable credit, he was afterwards ordained for a field of duty in England. The extended literary opportunities which Liverpool afforded, exercised a very beneficial influence on Miss Browne's mind; and the knowledge of foreign literature, and more especially of German, which she now acquired, opened out to her new domains in the world of thought. Her name, which had now spread itself, brought an easy introduction to the Chorley family, to Dr. Shelton Mackenzie, and other *littérateurs*; and by Dr. Mackenzie's advice she was recommended to try her chances in our own magazine. Our number for June, 1839, opened with a *Midsummer An-*

* The Rev. Thomas Briarly Browne.

thology, the first flowers of which were twelve Sketches from the Antique, followed by "a Merchant's Musings," and "a Sonnet to the late Adam Clarke"—and all by Miss Browne. In the same year, *Ignatia* was published by Hamilton, Adams, & Co., of London; and in the year 1840 a tiny volume of *Sacred Poetry*, containing many exquisite pieces, was issued by the same publishers.

Nor, while thus engaged in the bright realms of fancy, was Miss Browne forgetful of the real duties of life. Her desires to do good were all of a practical nature. The poor were ever in her regard; but she deemed it insufficient to bestow on them mere feeling or sympathy. Acts were wanting, and she gave them these tangible evidences. Few thought, on reading her poetry at this time, that much of it was penned in the intervals of the distressing duties of a district-visitor; or that the Miss Browne, whom many would have set down as a mere sentimental young lady, was day after day visiting the sick and infirm—strengthening the weak—cheering, with hopes of immortality, the dying.

In 1842, she was married to one in every respect capable of making her happy, a Scotch gentleman—Mr. James Gray—Himself the nephew and constant companion of the Ettrick Shepherd; his father before him had been the dear friend of Scotland's great poet, Burns—rarely have father and son enjoyed such honor! The Rev. James Gray was among the first and ablest vindicators of Burns' memory,* and he is yet gratefully remembered by his countrymen for such service. He was also one of the earliest to acknowledge the claims of his kinsman, Hogg, and to aid him with literary counsel and encouragement. As one of the founders of Blackwood's Magazine, and among its earliest contributors, his name must be also honorably mentioned; and when the project of establishing *Maga* was first bruited, he was among those proposed for the office of editor. Mr. James Gray, the younger, spent much of his early life at Mount Benger—diversified by occasional visits to Edinburgh in Hogg's company, where he found himself at home with Wilson and Lockhart, and the other knights of St. Ambrose. "It was curious," our poor friend one day remarked to us, "that while my scribbling habits brought me in contact with much of the literary genius of England; my husband should have mixed so much, in his youthful years, with the great spirits of Scotland."

On Miss Browne's marriage, she came to reside in one of the picturesque outlets of the city of Cork, Sunday's Well; and here all her later poems were written. Her little home here was a truly happy one, and though comparatively humble, few roofs in the adjoining city had so little repining, and so much of tranquil joy beneath them. Here she collected the materials for her last volume, *Sketches from the Antique, and other Poems*, which our own publishers brought out last year, and which our readers will find reviewed in our number of June last. We shall not now add to the

* "Mr. Gray," says Christopher North, "was the first who, independently of every other argument, proved the impossibility of such charges [drunkenness] by pointing to the almost daily effusions of Burns' clear and unclouded genius. For this, and for his otherwise triumphant vindication of the character of Burns from the worst obloquy it so long lay under, Scotland ought to be grateful to James Gray."—*Blackwood's Magazine*, May, 1823.

more obvious characteristics of her poetry, which we then took occasion to point out. There is an exquisite grace in her verse, and a rich melody flowing in sweetness like the music of the winding brook. There is no dash nor storm in her descriptions; but, on the other hand, neither have we to complain of what is tame and prosaic, and if we are not surprised, we are not at any time left disappointed. She did not essay high themes, in which failure is almost necessarily encountered; but she loved to delineate human griefs and joys, and to paint all those finer feelings which dwell more especially in the female breast. In all these respects she closely resembled Mrs. Hemans; and the good public, not satisfied with this sisterhood in genius, sought to establish a similar family connection, which did not subsist. They were alike in art, but had no other connection, and had never met. If Mrs. Gray did not possess that proud joy in chivalry, which brought to Mrs. Hemans so many heroes from the paladins and troubadours of the middle ages, it was because she had exchanged it for a reverential acquaintance with the old legends of Greece—its romantic history, and poetic religion. Her poems are the old *mythi*, finely told us by the pure lips of a woman. The concluding series, given in our number for January, is, perhaps, the best; and with a sad fitness, the last of the *Sketches* was a "Hymn to Mors." How little deemed we, in the review of these poems to which we have referred, when speaking of the progress of the volume sufficiently indicated, and pointing to future triumphs for its author, that it was the last book which should appear from her hands, or that with the incoming year, that head should be pillow'd in the silent grave!

The eight volumes, the names of which we have given, comprise the whole of Mrs. Gray's writings, which she gathered together; but scattered in various periodicals, and in the annuals, is to be found the *materiel*, both in prose and verse, of probably two or three more. As a prose writer she was hardly known; because, until only very recently, in all such contributions, she sought the anonymous. Our own pages, however, contain many graceful specimens of her power in this respect; and we believe we violate no confidence in instancing the "Recollections of a Portrait Painter." They were from Mrs. Gray's pen; and with only the disguise of an assumed profession for the writer, were simple facts—things which had come under her own personal observation.

Of the many members of the *corps* of literature whom it has been our fortune—good or ill—to have mixed with, we knew none who realized to us so entirely the Italian gift of "improvisation." She wrote, she has told us, as though from another's dictation; or as if transcribing from an open volume. Her thoughts, in their overflowing richness, yielded abundant supply, and she was never at a loss for expression. The poem of "Leodine," for example, which contains a hundred and twenty stanzas of four lines each, was the work of a single evening, yet it abounds in felicitous words and thoughts, and is distinguished by the same sweep of melody which characterizes all her compositions. So *facile* was she in versifying, and so almost necessarily were her words linked to numbers, that when not over-wearied by the drudgery of pen-work, she would write her letters home in verse: and we believe the last thing she laid hand to, was the "Christmas Carol,"

addressed to her venerable parents, in which she sent them filial congratulations and prayers for their good during the new year. "How my father's old eyes," she wrote, in enclosing us a copy, "will fill with tears, on seeing that though far away from him on that day, he is ever present to my thoughts!" And those aged eyes now can only rain down their weak torrents, that the daughter of such hopes is so soon laid low—"Gieb diesen," Schiller makes *Don Carlos* say, "Gieb diesen Todten mir heraus!"

Mrs. Gray's published writings we have enumerated; among her unpublished works, and which she herself destroyed, were some tragedies, also translations of many of Theodore Körner's finest lyrics, and of some of the impressive scenes in the *Faust* of Goethe. Twice she destroyed much of her literary labor—at her "two great burnings," as she termed them—lest in any way what she had done but for her private amusement, should be set forth in the glaring light of publicity. Once, a little while since, when her German translations, and studies in the language of the *Eichenland*, perished; and the former case was in earlier life, when the journals and jottings of youth, and the miscellaneous gatherings of "idle hours not idly spent," were all consigned to the flames. She no doubt exercised sound discretion with the latter; but we had wished her German studies had come down to us.

In furnishing our readers with this brief sketch of our gifted friend, we have purposely kept out of view allusion to that "inner life," into which the public may be excused penetrating. It is so difficult, besides, to observe the true limit in speaking of the departed, that we have spared ourselves in doing so. We regard with revolting shudder the "friend," who is not contented till the sacredness of domestic privacy be intruded on, and every half-spoken wish or word be stereotyped for the cold eye of the stranger. Suffice it, then, that Mrs. Gray's daily life was eminently beautiful. Her tastes were simple, pure, and womanly. The love of nature, which she acquired in the scenes of childhood, in riper years grew into a passion; and flowers, and trees, and the wild birds of heaven were companions of whose converse she could never weary. Her faith was true and unshrinking; and her piety was neither imaginary nor austere. She seemed ever happy, not because she had no cares, but because she felt anxiety to be at once useless and sinful. There was in her disposition much to admire, much to sympathize in; little that one could wish to be altered, and still less that one could desire taken away. The child of impulse very often; her impulses, notwithstanding, were controlled by gentleness and truth; while, in all things, her unselfishness was such as to be regarded by her friends as very characteristic.

We have outlined no *perfect* character, nor was it our desire to do so; for we know nothing could, were it possible, pain the dead more. She knew well the awful distance which divides the creature from the Creator, and she would have shrunk from appropriating, even in idea, what is the attribute of the Infinite alone. The feverish dreams of youth, with all their idle and passionate regrets, had given way to clearer light; and had Mrs. Gray lived, we might have looked for proud suc-

cesses for her. But it has pleased God to allot it otherwise, and we can only weave this tribute of our regret for her early departure:—

"These birds of Paradise but long to flee
Back to their native mansion."

And here is *Epidendrum* more worthy of regard than anything we have ourselves penned; bearing no unfamiliar name, but one sufficient of itself to commend it to our readers' kind attention:—

"TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. JAMES GRAY.

The spring hath woken her woodland choirs,
Of bird, and stream, and breeze,
And touched the sweet but viewless lyros,
That sound from quivering reeds and moss-grown
trees;
Deep in the old untrdden woods,
When early sunbeams greet
Their green forsaken solitudes,
Waking the first young leaves and violets sweet.

But who shall wake for yearning love,
The voice whose echoes rise
From memory's haunted depths, above
All other pleasant sounds of earth and skies?
And who shall wake for us the chord,
That caught from classic strings,
The old world's dreamy music poured
In laurel groves, beside the Grecian springs?

How hath the hush of silence come
Upon the lip of song?
Why is there sorrow in the home
Where household love and gladness dwelt so long?
Woe for the grave that closed so soon
On life's unshadowed light,
The glory of a summer's noon
That saw no sunset fading into night!

Thou art not of the common dead,
Lost sleeper! and we mourn
Thee not as they. No dews are shed
From the dark fount of Lethe on thine urn;
But, far along the wastes of time,
Each loving heart and ear
Will catch the song, as from that clime,
Where sounds the harp, hushed, but unbroken
here.

FRANCES BROWNE."
Stranorlar, February, 1845.

SONNETS OF THE SIDEWALK.

Long wharf, 'tis pleasant on clear bracing days,
When winds are light, and sky all cloudless fair,
Along thy sunny side to breathe the air,
Threading one's way amidst a crowded maze
Of busy men, and idly resting shipping—
Of barrels, bales, and boxes, Russia ducks,
Chain cables, anchors, horses, heavy trucks,
And truckmen truculent. Perhaps now dipping
With wistful heed, and seeming unaware,
A tiny straw in huge molasses cask,
And walking quick away, lest some might ask
"Halloo, my friend, who said you might go there?"
O how much more doth sweetness sweeter seem
When stol'n—light more light in sudden gleam!
Boston Post.